HARPER'S WEEKLY

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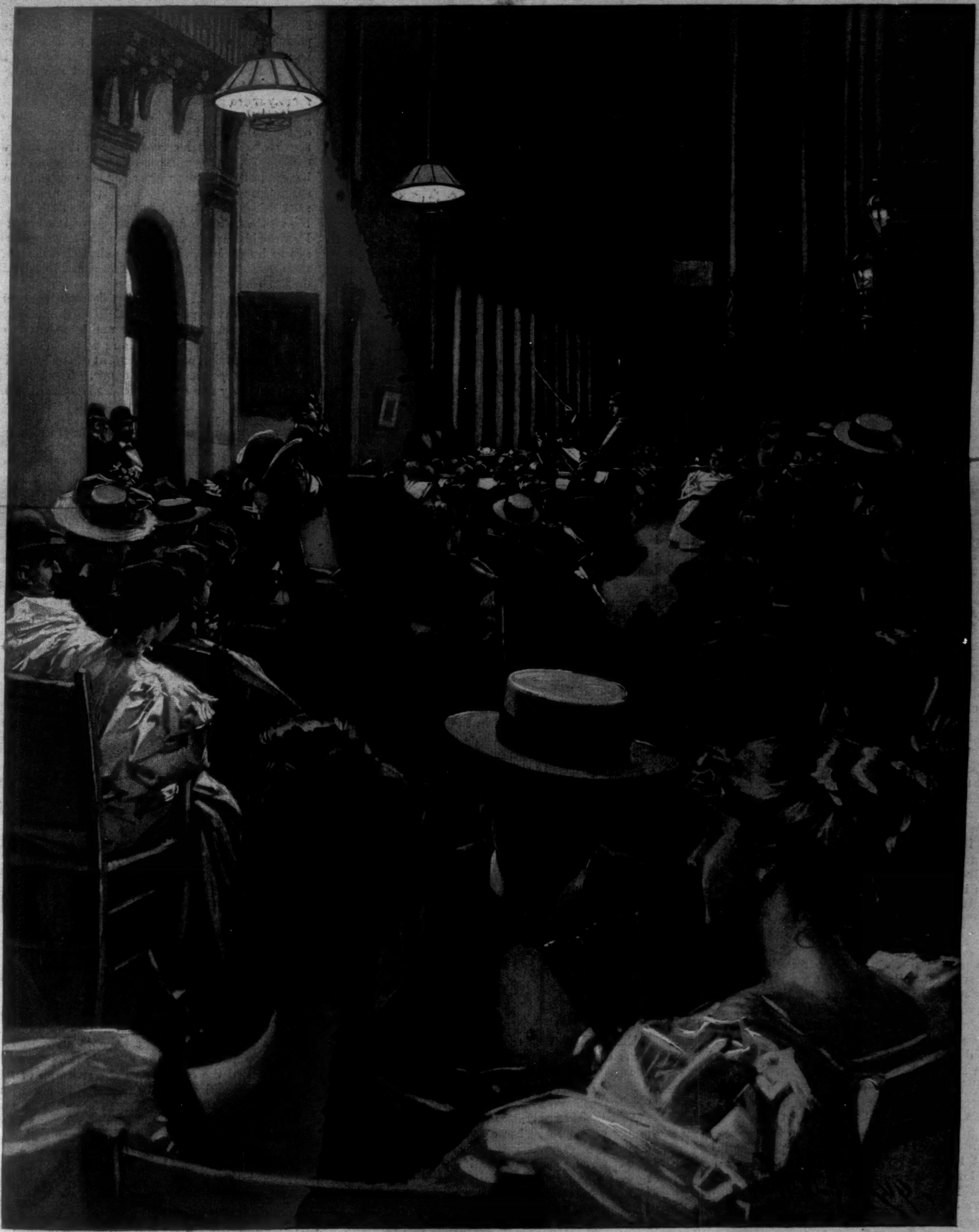

EVENING CONCERT ON A HOTEL PIAZZA, SARATOGA, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 1, 1896.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

The Nation's Honor must be Preserved.

For President,

WILLIAM McKINLEY, OF OHIO.

For Vice-President,

GARRET A. HOBART, OF NEW JERSEY.

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

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REPUDIATING CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THE Democratic-Populist convention recently held at Chicago, after having advocated the repudiation of just obligations, after having denied the binding force of contracts, after having struck a blow at the authority of the Supreme Court, also turned its hand, quite consistently, we admit, against that reform which has done so much to increase the efficiency and to elevate the morals of the public service that every good citizen has become its friend and advocate. The ravage of the public service is part of the scheme of general spoliation. The civil service clause in the Chicago platform reads thus: "We are opposed to life tenure in the public service. We favor appointments based upon merit, fixed terms of office, and such an administration of the civil service laws as will afford equal opportunities to all citizens of ascertained fitness." If there were any doubt as to what this means, Mr. BRYAN himself, in his famous speech in the convention, furnished the explanatory comment. "They complain," said he, "about the plank which declares against the life tenure in office. What we oppose in that plank is the life tenure that is being built up in Washington which excludes from participation in the benefits the humbler members of our society."

The platform as well as the explanatory speech accuses the reformed system of things which do not exist, with the evident purpose of making it odious, to the end of subverting it. The accusation is twofold: First, that the merit system in practice has established life tenure in office; and secondly, that it does not furnish equal opportunities to all citizens of ascertained fitness, or, in the language of Mr. BRYAN, that it "excludes the humbler members of our society." Both charges are absolutely unfounded. They are the charges which from the very beginning of civil service reform have been used by spoils politicians to excite prejudice in the popular mind against a reform which threatened to do away with their nefarious trade. It is neither the aim nor is it the effect of the reformed system to establish life tenure in the official places it controls. It is not life tenure but *merit tenure* that it contemplates. It demands that the public servant shall be secure in his place, not so long as he lives, but so long as he is able to do his duty and does it, and as his general character and conduct are fitting his station. This is merit tenure. The tenure is to cease as soon as the merit ceases. The charge brought by the Chicago platform and by Mr. BRYAN is therefore false.

And what do they propose to substitute? "Fixed terms of office." The meaning is, of course, that they not only will preserve the fixed terms of office where they already exist, as in most of the so-called Presidential appointments, but introduce them where they do not exist, as in the clerical force of the departmental service. Every well-informed man knows that the enactment of the law first establishing fixed terms of office—the so-called four-years-term law—was instigated by President MONROE'S Secretary of the Treasury, CRAWFORD, under the pretence that it would serve to enforce the accountability of officers handling public money, but that his real purpose was to build up an office-holders' machine to serve his ambition for the Presidency. The bill was signed by MONROE without consideration in the dying hour of his administration. THOMAS JEFFERSON, whom Mr. BRYAN is so fond of quoting—not always correctly, however—addressed to JAMES MADISON a letter in which he called this act "the mischievous law vacating every four years nearly all the executive offices of the government"; and with characteristic foresight he thus described its inevitable effects: "It saps the constitutional and salutary functions of the President, and introduces a principle of intrigue and corruption which will soon leaven the mass, not only of Senators, but of citizens. It will keep in constant excitement all the hungry cormorants for office, render them, as well as those in place, sycophants to their Senators; engage them in eternal intrigues to turn out one and put in another, in cabals to swap with, and make of them, what all executive directories become, mere sinks of corruption and faction." To all of which MADISON assented. They spoke wisely. There has been hardly anything more deleterious to the efficiency as well as to the honesty of the public service, and more demoralizing in its effects upon our whole political life, as this law, which, by establishing the system of fixed terms of office, encouraged frequent changes, stimulated the greed of the "hungry cormorants" for place, turned Congress into an assembly of patronage-brokers and spoils-mongers, and our election campaigns into scrambles for plunder.

And this system, according to the Chicago convention and Mr. BRYAN, is not only to be preserved so far as it unfortunately exists, but it is to be extended over the whole service, especially that part of it which is now governed by the civil service law and enjoys happy exemption from the barbarous ravages of party warfare. The government departments are now on the whole admirably organized and manned. A large majority of their force owe their places to merit tested by competitive examination and a term of probation, and have received their appointments without regard to party connection. The standard of character, ability, and efficiency among them is higher than ever before. To break up this system and to substitute for it one of fixed terms, with all its demoralizing tendencies, is an idea worthy of a Vandal. That a political party should contemplate such a thing is hardly conceivable, except upon the supposition that in it the greed of spoil has killed every consideration of the public interest.

Certainly the second charge brought by the platform and the candidate cannot serve as a palliation for so brutal a scheme. That charge is that the existing system does not "afford equal facilities to all citizens," and that, as Mr. BRYAN says, it "excludes the humbler members of society." This second charge is as flagrantly false as the first. Just the contrary is the truth. Under the spoils system appointment to public place depended upon the favor of some influential politician. Under the merit system the son of the hod-carrier has exactly the same rights and privileges as the son of the millionaire. He does not need the favor or influence of anybody. The chances of the two in the competitive test are exactly the same. Whether rich or poor, the best man wins and gets the prize. It has been said by the spoils politicians that the examinations are so conducted as to give college-bred men a decisive advantage. This too is false. Of the many thousands of winners of places by competitive examination in the Federal service the college-bred men count hardly ten per cent., and outside of the departments requiring scientific knowledge hardly six per cent. The merit system is therefore emphatically the people's system. It represents the true democratic idea in the public service. And this is what the Populist-Democratic party and Mr. BRYAN would destroy. This iniquitous scheme alone should condemn them. Fortunately the friends of civil service reform find opposed to these false Democrats a candidate whose sympathy with this cause is above doubt. Mr. McKINLEY never failed to speak and to vote for the merit system whenever it needed support in Congress, and the platform upon which he stands demands in terse phrase that the civil service law be faithfully executed, and that its operation be extended to the utmost limits of practicability.

THE CHEAP-MONEY MOVEMENT.

THERE is a good deal of misinformation in all parts of the country as to the purposes of the advocates of silver and as to the meaning of free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, and if the present campaign for sound money and honest government is to be conducted successfully, a good many voters must be enlightened on elementary questions. The task is all the more difficult, and therefore the demand for its performance all the more immediate, because the silver men have been at work for several years. They have scattered the literature of their faith broadcast through the Union, and clubs have been formed in nearly, if not quite, all the States for the spread of their propaganda. Considering the energy which has been displayed by the American Bimetallic League and its associates, it seems strange that many of the very people who have been won over to its side are most grossly and curiously ignorant of its true intent and purpose. Indeed, this phenomenon can only be accounted for on the assumption that when the friends of silver find that a man has so deceived himself that he has become their ally by reason of his misconception of their cause, they willingly, perhaps gladly, leave him in his darkness.

The friends of silver seek to increase the amount of money in circulation, and they expect to be able to accomplish this object by compelling the government to coin silver again as well as gold, and to make the two differing metals a standard of value. Money can be earned only by giving something of value—products, merchandise, or labor—in return for it. Mr. BRYAN does not pretend that the laws of Congress can increase the amount of products or merchandise or labor in the country. He believes, it is true, that there is superhuman power in laws although they are made by human beings, but he probably does not believe that laws can add to the things of value that are to be exchanged for money. He proposes, by making money more plentiful, to increase the price of these things—to make the wheat of the farmer, the coat of the tailor, the iron of the blacksmith, the labor that reaps and builds, cost more to those who want them. It is not explained how the farmer is to be benefited by a higher price for his wheat, if, at the same time, he is to be obliged to pay more for his seed, his machinery, his labor, his horseshoeing, his clothes, and for the building of his barn; nor how the blacksmith, the tailor, and the wage-earners are to be enriched by dear food. This is a part of the question which Mr. BRYAN and his associates do not discuss.

Hard times have come to this country, and the friends of silver propose to lighten the burdens of the producers and toilers by making the currency cheaper and unstable. There is a good deal of misapprehension as to the extent of the hard times, and much more as to their cause. The silver men say that they are due to the demonetization of silver in 1873. In the first place, silver was not demonetized in 1873; the government simply stopped coining silver because at that time a silver dollar was worth from half a cent to four cents more than a gold dollar, and therefore it was not brought to the mint for coining. The owners of silver-mines could make more money in those days by selling their bullion for melting than by having it turned into dollars. In the year 1873, although the government coined all the silver of proper fineness that was brought to it, only two hundred and ninety-three thousand silver dollars were minted. But while by this act the silver dollar was omitted from the list of coins of the United States, the coinage of minor silver being continued, silver remained, and still remains, part of the money of the country, while the existing silver dollar is of full legal-tender value. There is now in the country silver currency to the amount of $989,000,000. So it is untrue that silver is not part of the country's currency; it is only true that from 1873 to 1878, and since 1893, during eight years of the country's history, the laws have provided that no silver dollars shall be coined except from the large stock of bullion already in the possession of the government. Nor is it true that the hard times resulted from the passage of the act of 1873. On the contrary, there was a good deal of prosperity within the period between 1873 and 1893, and some of this prosperity was due to the passage of the resumption act, which bound the government to redeem the greenbacks in gold.

If silver is added again to the money of the country, it must inevitably become the only money. There is now in the country about $2,224,000,000 in money and its representatives, of which about $600,000,000 is in gold and $989,000,000 is in silver. The gold will leave the country, for men will not pay their debts in 100-cent gold dollars when they can pay them in 53-cent silver dollars. So, for a time at least, this effort of the silver men to provide more money will result in less money. After many years they might be able to coin enough silver dollars to take the place of the gold that will be expelled the country by the triumph of free silver, but for a long time there will be a contraction of the currency. Mr. BRYAN'S effort is not the first one to remedy hard times by means of cheap money, nor is free coinage of silver unknown to the country. Free coinage of silver was authorized by the coinage laws of the United States from 1792 to 1873, but gold was undervalued when the ratio between it and silver was fixed at 15 to 1, which was the first ratio adopted in this country. An ounce of gold was then worth more than 15 ounces of silver; it was worth 15.17 ounces. Therefore gold did not circulate, while the circulation

of silver was so limited that its coinage was suspended from 1806 to 1836. During the first fifty years of its existence the government did all in its power to make the money of the country cheap and abundant. It even permitted the circulation of certain foreign coins that were so cheap that they drove our own coins out of the country. Finally we had the wild-cat bank-notes, and the disaster and ruin that always wait upon such financial experiments as that into which Mr. BRYAN is endeavoring to tempt the people of this country. Having thus tried free coinage of silver and cheap money of all kinds, having seen clipped and abraded Mexican dollars drive our own gold and silver into retirement, having seen wild-cat bank-notes and then greenbacks take the place of coin, having suffered all the troubles that result from inflation, we do not believe that the people of the United States will again make trial of a worn-out device.

Before closing this article we will state, for the benefit of those who are confused by the expression, the meaning of free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1. In some parts of the country it is thought that this means that the government will give sixteen silver dollars to every holder of a gold dollar. Elsewhere it is thought to mean that the government will present each citizen with sixteen silver dollars. These are more tempting propositions to some minds than the proposition of the silverites, which is that the people of this country—for all the government's money comes from the people—be compelled to pay one dollar for every fifty-three cents' worth of silver, and to coin it into money; in other words, when one ounce of gold is worth thirty ounces of silver, that the government shall treat it as worth only sixteen ounces.

A PRACTICAL QUESTION.

THERE is a very important question of campaign methods that must be determined by those who are opposed to Mr. BRYAN and his platform.

The voters of the country must be shown the significance of this dangerous movement. They must not only be taught the fundamental principles of finance and the error of Mr. BRYAN's attitude on the money question, but the gross immorality of the rest of his platform, its invitation to the people to become a nation of swindlers, its assault upon private property, on the judiciary, and on individual rights, and its adoption of ALTGELD's favorite theory that the Federal authority shall not be employed to disperse mobs that are destroying life and property.

Both Republican and Democratic voters need this teaching, and it is to be assumed that the Republicans will receive it at their party meetings. But how are the Democratic voters to be instructed, and where are the teachers to find a platform? Senator VILAS and General BRAGG have begun a movement looking to the solution of this problem in Wisconsin by urging the nomination of a third State ticket. Illinois Democrats have issued an address calling for a second Democratic National Convention, and there is talk of a third party in Alabama and in Texas. Ex-Congressman BYNUM, of Indiana, however, and many of the Eastern Democrats are opposed to a third ticket, believing that sound-money Democrats can be easily induced to vote directly for Mr. MCKINLEY. If they can be, of course they will be all the more effective.

Each State must speak for itself in this matter. What is to be remembered is that, without instruction, the majority of Democrats are likely to vote for the candidate of their party, and it is essential that as many Democratic votes as possible be turned from him. To accomplish this, some plan must be devised which will enable Democratic speakers to address Democratic audiences. It has been said that more Democratic than Republican speakers are well equipped for the peculiar work of this campaign, and this is probably true, owing to the active struggle that has been going on within the Democratic party, and this effective power, already prepared and eager for employment, must be utilized for the welfare and safety of the country.

THE BANKS AND THE TREASURY.

No doubt it is deplorable that in a time of profound peace, and when nothing assails the credit of the United States but the madness of some of its own citizens, it should be necessary for the banks to come to the rescue of the public Treasury. But that necessity was not made either by the banks or the national administration. When a great political party, and that party in name the same that elected the President, assails him for protecting the public credit by the only means in his power, it is the interest and the duty of every one who has a stake in the country to do his part towards strengthening the credit thus shaken. And when the same party puts a repudiator on a platform of repudiation, the need becomes instant. Already the menace has had its effect. Some timid people are hoarding gold. Other timid people are drawing their deposits from our savings-banks to deposit them again in the savings-banks of Europe, where the interest is lower, but the security they think is greater. Banks in Western cities have refused by concert to pay out gold. Some banks in the East, while they have not gone this length, are refusing to allow gold to be withdrawn from them unless they are satisfied that it is not withdrawn for hoarding.

In such a condition it cannot be said that reassurance is not needed. There could be no more effectual demonstration of confidence that a majority of the voters of the country have not gone crazy than the offer of the institutions which have the largest stocks of gold to share their stocks with the government, taking in return the promissory notes the value of which the repudiators threaten to reduce to 53 cents. This is what the New York banks have done. More than enough of their gold has been subscribed to the Treasury to restore its redemption fund to a hundred millions. The expedient of a loan, through contract with a syndicate or through popular subscription, will not be needed. The government must pay for the gold it needs only its own notes, exchanged at par. Nothing could be more opportune, courageous, and patriotic.

It is quite true that this is not a piece of Quixotism, not a financial "Charge of the Light Brigade." It is "magnificent," but it is also business. Enlightened self-interest is the motive of it, but the enlightenment is as clear as the self-interest. If the threat against the public credit should be fulfilled, the banks could pay their indebtedness, including their own notes, at a discount of 50 per cent., while the gold they withheld from the government and hoarded in their vaults would surely retain its value, and in the general wreck of things might easily increase its purchasing power. This is the view that a mere Shylock might take. But in that case their gold would be their only asset that would keep its place. As it is only in and through the national prosperity that the banks can prosper, their coming to the rescue of the government was as businesslike as it was brave, for it took courage to act upon an enlightened view of their interest. Such a demonstration of confidence in the American people cannot but beget confidence.

Though this action was thus businesslike, how does it fit in with the conception of the "money power" with which demagogues have infected so large a part of the agricultural population? If the banker throve upon calamity, he would be looking forward with glee to the election of BRYAN and the dishonor and ruin of the country, and meanwhile he would be keeping his gold to himself. A mind not entirely unsettled by the silver craze would perceive in this action of the banks the identity of their interest with the public interest, and would perceive that denunciation of "Wall Street" was as reasonable and efficacious as the action of the Irishman who smashed the thermometer for keeping the weather so cold.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

LORD SALISBURY's respect for public opinion seems to be growing apace. He has carried on with Secretary OLNEY a negotiation looking to the establishment of international arbitration between the United States and Great Britain as a permanent principle, until the minds of the two are apparently nearing an agreement. Thereupon he brings the whole matter into the House of Lords, and substantially asks if his proposal has the assent of the country. From the response of the English press he can easily conclude that he might have gone further, and that his fellow-subjects would prefer to surrender much that they have claimed rather than lose the assurance that, in the future, the two countries will be bound to attempt to settle all their differences by peaceful methods.

In the correspondence, as published, Mr. OLNEY's position seems to us much stronger than that of the English Premier. Lord SALISBURY wants to begin by establishing real arbitration for comparatively small matters, leaving larger questions affecting the sovereignty or the territory or territorial rights of either power in the complete control of the government deeming to be itself adversely affected by a decision of the arbitrators. If either power feels itself aggrieved by such a decision, it may protest, and then the matter is to be left to six judges, three of them to be judges of the Supreme Court of Great Britain, and the three others to be judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. One of these judges, under Lord SALISBURY's plan, would have the power to set aside the decision of the arbitrators. This would leave all matters of moment, which means all matters out of which war is likely to arise, under full control of the contending parties. Mr. OLNEY, on the other hand, insists on the establishment of a real arbitration. He also shows a large grasp of the most important international question that is now pending, and therefore a statesmanship that must give him high rank among American diplomats.

The Venezuela question is not forgotten, but the controversy with the United States is treated by Lord SALISBURY in much better humor than he displayed in his earliest utterances. This country is now accepted as the friend of Venezuela, and not as an interloper. This recognition brings with it responsibilities which may cause us trouble in the future, but they will be responsibilities which we have invited. Lord SALISBURY still insists on protecting British settlers who have entered the disputed territory believing it to be British; but having gone so far as he has, he will probably end by accepting the logic of his own position. Which is that Venezuela cannot be asked to give up territory that belongs to her by right because it has been settled by British subjects. However we may regard our entrance upon this dispute, it must be confessed that our interference will have accomplished a great and beneficent end if it leads to the establishment of international arbitration between Great Britain and the United States.

COMMERCIAL EXCLUSIVENESS.

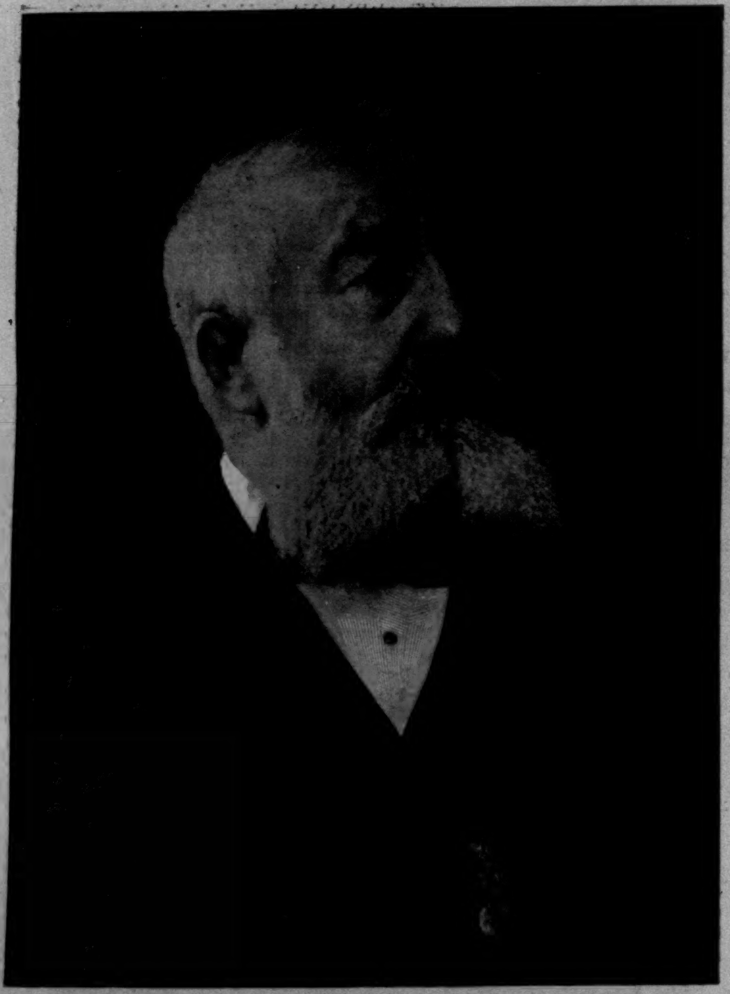
THE time was when a nation could afford to stand commercially alone, depending upon its own resources, with a very slight trading connection with other countries, mainly for articles of luxury. The home market was to be supplied by domestic products, and even colonies were made commercially dependent upon the mother-country. Not only was this the relation of one country to another, but of one district to another within the same country. Everything was local, and the fiscal machinery was used to assure this restriction of trade. Labor was not free to move from place to place; and under such circumstances the little capital in existence was kept at home.

The conditions to-day amount to an economic revolution. Labor moves at will from one part of the world to another, hampered only by its own ignorance or certain religious prejudices, which have survived the progress of civilization. Capital is even more free in its movements, and immense sums are ready to flow in any direction where a profit is promised. Industry has become localized in immense factory cities, but the products of industry go wherever a market offers. In agriculture, as well as in manufactures, the production of some countries has become specialized, and runs in a few lines of export; but it is the demands of commerce which have produced the specialization, and by means of commerce all that is needed from abroad is obtained.

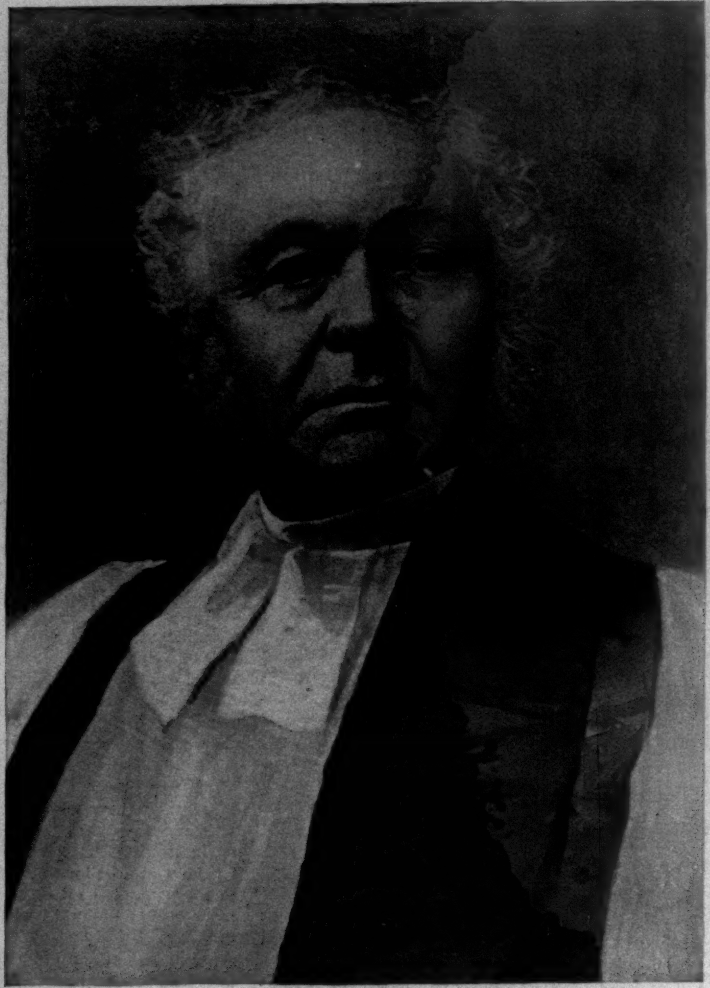
Some few relics of the old system of restriction remain. The commercial relations between Spain and Cuba are what they were a century ago, but the resulting evils are aggravated because all other and competing colonies have become possessed of the liberty to grow what they pleased, and to market the products where the highest returns were obtainable. Cuba can buy and sell only where Spain directs, and under regulations which oblige it to yield all profits to Spain. The result is that Cuban productiveness has been exploited for the benefit of the mother-country, and the population of the island, driven to desperation and verging on economic ruin, rebel against the oppressor. The Spanish rule of colonies was long since laid aside, in whole or part, by other nations, and to the advantage of both colony and mother-country.

The imposition of local customs duties on merchandise crossing the frontiers of the district is still to be encountered in some nations, but always among peoples little developed in commerce. Mexico, where a very onerous net-work of local taxes on commerce had long existed, has just abolished all interior custom-houses, and makes trade between state and state as free as is the internal commerce of the United States. In some of the countries of South America these local taxes are collected, but the great example of exclusiveness is to be found in China, where arbitrary and often prohibitive duties are imposed in each province on merchandise passing its borders. These duties have been made a subject of treaty regulations, but with little alleviation of the true difficulties. What progress in commerce the United States would have made if the framers of the Constitution had not recognized the danger of local taxes on trade may be seen in the want of progress in China. By the restrictions on transportation the raw materials cannot be collected where they may be used, and manufacturing enterprises become impossible, or are made the privilege of a favored monopoly. A case in point is the recent abandoning by Japanese capitalists of a project to establish a large cotton-mill at Shanghai. The Chinese are in a position to impose any taxes they please on cotton carried from the interior to Shanghai, and, with their known dislike to the intrusion of foreigners, it is more than likely such taxes would be prohibitive. Not only would the foreign enterprise be heavily handicapped in the race, but the few Chinese mills would be favored by discriminating duties, and no industry could stand such hostile legislation. No wonder Chinese "exclusiveness" has become a byword of reproach!

Yet advanced as is the United States in the scale of civilization, there are more than a few survivals or imitations of the exclusive policy. Under the plea of raising the standard of labor, restrictions on immigration are imposed. Such restrictions as are of a police nature, designed to exclude the chronic pauper, the ignorant, the helpless, and the criminal, are justified as measures of state necessity. But no theory can defend the exclusion of the skilled and intelligent laborer while the unskilled is admitted in shoals. The movement of foreign capital into the United States, silent and immeasurable as it is, has been hampered by unwise public policy. Since the "compromise" with silver in 1878 the flow of foreign capital for investment has been uncertain, because the careful investor was not assured of receiving the terms of his bond when it became due. And the mischievous effect of agitation over silver is reflected in the present disinclination of Europe to venture largely in American undertakings. A high protective tariff interferes with the imports of merchandise, and indirectly affects the exports, for nations buy where they may sell to best advantage. Further, prohibition or restriction invites prohibition or restriction from others, to the loss of both countries indulging in the commercial war. If we will not take the products of Germany or France, those countries will examine critically the products of the United States, and a very slight excuse will give support to measures excluding them from their markets. Even China, galled by the regulations prohibiting the immigration of her people into the United States, threatened to retaliate by prohibiting the use of American petroleum in China. Exclusiveness, then, can no longer be set up as a proper commercial principle. A nation gains by the prosperity of its fellow-nations, but to share in it there must be full reciprocity in privilege.



JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER.



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JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER.

In the private office of Harper & Brothers—built and furnished as a memorial to the four brothers who founded and established on a sure basis this publishing-house—is this inscription, written by George William Curtis:

> "My flame expires; but let true hands pass on
> An unextinguished torch from sire to son."

Joseph Wesley Harper, who passed away on the 21st of July, was the son of Joseph Wesley Harper, one of these four brothers. The torch that passed into his hand suffered no diminution of its first pure flame. It was characteristic of his own spirit as well as of the distinctive qualities of his father's nature that he selected as an inscription to that father's memory the words which Thackeray wrote of Colonel Newcome: "Everybody who knew him loved him: everybody, that is, who loved modesty, generosity, and honor."

Everybody who knew Mr. Harper was impressed by his distinctive personality, manifest in every expression of himself. A sense of his singular grace of manner, of his gravely sweet demeanor, and of his unfailing courtesy could not have escaped his errand-boy, or even the least intimate servant of his household. To those nearer friends to whom he gave himself without reserve in social intercourse, in conversation, correspondence, or festive good-fellowship, were disclosed qualities of mind and heart so individual in their expression as never to be forgotten. The simplest business transaction was never with him a merely perfunctory act; something entered into it from his rich and genial nature that made it worthy of remembrance. Every letter he wrote, whether of a social or business character—and for quarter of a century he conducted the important literary correspondence of the publishing house with which he was connected, as his father had done before him—was not only a model of good idiomatic English, but had besides some special charm distinguishing it from ordinary correspondence. It is difficult to estimate the value of such graceful interchange between a great publishing house and its literary correspondents at home and abroad, considering letter-writing simply as an accomplishment; but with Mr. Harper it was something more than that—something distinctive to the writer, whose enjoyment of free play in expression was only equalled by the satisfaction derived from it by his reader. In his letters to intimate friends, as in his conversation, this free play flowed into the indulgence of a characteristic humor, always restrained by consideration for the feelings of others and by reverence for sacred things, but otherwise often boundless, even to the verge of extravagance.

This humor on purely festive occasions overflowed into rollicking and almost boyish exuberance. In graver social functions it was a play of a finer sort, serving a genial appreciation or an equally genial satire, and sometimes turned into a relentless denunciation of imposing shams.

To the last, Mr. Harper held to old-fashioned ways, though tolerant of new ones. He could never, for instance, bring himself to the use of a type-writer. But in all important matters he was fully abreast with the most progressive movements of his time. To his business associates he was always an inspiration—a challenge to every man to do his best; and his whole nature responded to the affectionate loyalty which it evoked.

Mr. Harper never sought publicity of any kind. He had to an eminent degree the tastes of a scholar, and the culture of these was maintained into his riper years. Soon after his graduation from Columbia College he entered the Harpers' composing-room, at the age of twenty, the same year (1850) in which the house began the publication of a monthly magazine. Having passed through a disciplinary apprenticeship in every mechanical department of the establishment, he assisted his father in the book-publishing branch of the business, until, in 1869, after nineteen years of service, he became a member of the firm, from which he retired in 1894, giving place to his son, Henry Sleeper Harper. When it is added that during the last twenty years of his life he was a trustee of Columbia College, we have given the material facts of his career. Behind that veil of statistics is hidden the man himself, one of the most active and influential workers of his generation—irrecoverably hidden except to a few who have worked with him in the interests of his *alma mater*, in efforts for the improvement of the civil service of the government, in the establishment of international copyright, and in that field more peculiarly his own, and which has engaged his most constant attention and labor—that of the publisher, where, through books for the people, and through periodicals meeting, interpreting, and expressing the popular thought and sentiment, progress in every field has been promoted, and in the line of popular aspiration.

The cardinal principle of Mr. Harper's political faith was his belief in the American people, a conviction which could not be shaken. Whatever at the surface of our political life indicated demoralization, the people wanted the right thing, and would secure it in spite of the chicanery and demagogism of self-seeking politicians representing nothing but their own corrupt spoils system. Unhappily his eyes finally closed upon cloudy skies and troubled seas, but his faith never faltered. He believed that the Ship of State would weather the storm; that the sane spirit and deep-seated love of honor and of honesty that had always characterized the American people would bring her into safe waters.

A personality so vital as Mr. Harper's, and so varied in its range of manifestation, is, in the love and memory of those from whom it has so suddenly vanished, an everlasting possession, so abiding and so deathless as to contradict mortality itself. A heart so loyal in every relation of life, so tireless in noble activities, could not fail. It throbs back to us through the stillness we call death its insistent message of steadfast faith in unfailing honor.

THE RT. REV. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, D.D., LL.D.

A conspicuous figure has disappeared from the Church and the State in the sudden death of Arthur Cleveland Coxe, which occurred on Monday, July 20, at Clifton Springs, New York. He was the second bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Western New York.

Bishop Coxe was born in May, 1818, and was a son of the Rev. Samuel Hanson Coxe, D.D., a noted Presbyterian divine. He was graduated with high honors by the University of the City of New York at the age of twenty. He immediately entered upon a three years' course of study at the General Theological Seminary, and at his ordination entered on a brief charge of St. Ann's, Morrisania. In 1842 he became rector of St. John's, Hartford, Connecticut. His brilliant rectorship of this parish continued twelve years, when he was summoned to the rectorship of Grace Church, Baltimore. In 1863 he became rector of Calvary Church, New York, only to be chosen, after two years, for the episcopate of Western New York.

The earliest years of his manhood laid a broad foundation for the eminence which he afterwards attained. It was while he was still a student in the General Theological Seminary, if we mistake not, that he published his *Christian Ballads*. This volume was at once recognized as placing its author among the choicest of English religious poets, and it has continued to be a household book in England as well as here. During his rectorship at Hartford he published *Athanasion and Other Poems*, *Halloween and Other Poems*, *Saul and Other Poems*, and *Impressions of England*. This last volume was the result of an extended and very important and fruitful European tour. It shows a close study and a delicate appreciation, and it was exceedingly well received in England. It was just at the close of his Hartford rectorship that he published his *Apology for the English Bible*, and succeeded in securing the suppression of the costly but very unscholarly revisions of the English translation which had been made by the American Bible Society.

His nine years' rectorship of Grace Church, Baltimore, brought into prominence the intense patriotism which was a marked characteristic of the man. He was diligent during the war in visiting the sick and wounded soldiers in hospitals and on the field; and in his parish he stood firmly for the Union cause, though a large part of his parish sympathized with the opposite side. It was a time that tried men's hearts and engendered intensest bitterness even in families. Dr. Coxe, however, stood firmly by his convictions, and would not yield to any demand in behalf of the Confederate cause. Yet he was as kind and as conciliatory as he was firm, and he won the hearty respect of those who differed most widely with him.

In his episcopate, Bishop Coxe was a man of mark among his fellow-bishops. His mind was very active and very resourceful. Filled with a devoted love for his Church and his country, he watched all events with the eye of a Churchman and of a patriot. In France he urged religious reform and the revivification and independence of the Gallican Church. In Germany he urged that revolt against the new decrees in the Roman Church which resulted in the Old Catholic Reformation. A profound student of history, he knew well how persistently the Roman Church had interfered with the secular governments, and he dreaded the same interference in this country. It was therefore as a citizen and patriot, even more than as a Churchman, that he combated the exercise of papal influence in this country, as, for instance, in his vigorous protests against the coming of Monsignor Satolli as a Papal Ablegate to America. One of his most important works was the establishment of the Christian Literature Society in this city. This society has published a superb edition of the *Ante-Nicene Fathers*, which was edited by Bishop Coxe. Nowhere else have his earnest carefulness and his great learning been more signally exhibited. He himself looked upon this work as the *magnum opus* of his literary life. Several of Bishop Coxe's controversial works have had a very wide circulation in many languages, notably his "Open Letter to Pope Pius IX.," in reply to that Pope's letter convening the Vatican Council; his "L'Épiscopat de l'Occident," a refutation of Roman at-

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION—SPANISH SOLDIERS TRANSPORTING AMMUNITION AND SUPPLIES ACROSS THE RIVER PLUMA.—[See Page 763.]

tacks upon the Anglican Church; and his contributions to a Paris periodical on the subject of Anglican orders.

But though Bishop Coxe was an ardent and almost incessant controversialist he was one of the most amiable and genial of men. He was a gentleman of the old school, full of kindliness to all. He inherited remarkable conversational powers from his father. He was withal thoroughly acquainted with all classical literature ancient and modern, and an apt quotation seemed always at his command to give point to what he was saying. This wide reading and profound learning added to his personal qualities of earnestness and fearlessness and a poetic temperament, and aided by his fine personal presence, gave him a rare and altogether peculiar eloquence in the pulpit and on the platform. Happy the cause that was championed by him in debate.

Bishop Coxe is survived by the beloved "wife of his youth," two sons, and a daughter.

George S. Mallory.

THIS BUSY WORLD

If there ever was a young man who had a surfeit of success and a glut of glory, it was William E. Russell. For fifteen years he moved along to the noise of clapping hands, conspicuous, successful, and deserving of success. He died without knowing a reaction. He had no reason to fear one, for he had built on strong foundations, and gave every promise of continuing to be a leader and an admired and honored citizen to the end of the story. Yet circumstances which had already taken him in some degree out of public life might for a time have put him out of the public mind. But, as it was, that had not happened. When death overtook him he was still in the full enjoyment of his remarkable popularity.

He must have enjoyed it very greatly. We all like to see a man enjoy life, and all people whose livers work as they should follow with sympathetic interest the courses of men who seem to be getting out of life all the good things that are lawfully coming to them. To such persons Russell's career is a cheerful and inspiring memory; the more so because, however fortunate he may have been, it was a career that he achieved, step by step, by honest and intelligent endeavor. An honest man who is at peace with his own conscience may find himself hooted at by mobs, and find reassurance and encouragement in their clamor. Still, applause is very sweet, and to be the object of the affectionate commendation of a great and honorable community is a pleasure that ranks pretty high among mundane joys. Russell was the special pride and favorite of two notable aggregations of intelligent folks—the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and Harvard College. They both believed in him and liked him amazingly, and it attests the comprehensiveness of his intelligence and of his sympathies that he was able for so long to keep his hold on both of them. The affections of the Bay State and of Harvard College don't always centre in the same person. There is Senator Lodge, for instance, who has of late been much less popular in Cambridge than in other parts of the State. But Cambridge, including her university, was Russell's stronghold. Young Harvard cheered him at every ball game and all public occasions. Old Harvard approved of him, liked his views and his honesty, clapped its hands when he spoke at Commencement, and voted for him when he ran for office. Harvard applause is very sweet to Harvard ears. Russell had it as no man of his years has had it since the war, or perhaps ever. Wherever he went it followed him, full of enthusiasm, of affection, of pride. It makes a lump come in this present writer's throat when he remembers sitting a long afternoon through in a window on Fifth Avenue watching the great Columbian parade. It was a great show, but it took a long time to pass, and any show grows tiresome to a tired spectator. But a shout coming up the street roused a listless gazer. "Who's coming now?" and then, as the shouting came nearer, "Why, it's Billy Russell on a horse!" and then our Harvard man comes all to sudden life, and claps his hands, and cheers like one possessed, as Russell goes by, well mounted, and sitting his horse well, very cool, very clean, with a very shiny top-hat in his hand, bowing cheerfully to a cheering crowd.

Bless the man! How he thrived on prosperity and popularity! Applause never made him vain or upset him. Undoubtedly it touched and inspired him, and made him feel more kindly than ever toward his fellows, and more eager to serve them faithfully. After his first election as Governor, when he first began to be widely known outside of his own State, it was amusing, when old acquaintances from other parts of the country met him, to see them look him over, and watch his behavior, and listen to his talk, and try to understand by what means or what chance he had arrived. It always happened that after a little the conclusion was that he had earned what he had got, and that the basis of his success was not chance, but fitness.

He seems the best example his generation has yet shown of the specialist in statesmanlike politics. He did not impress most people as a great man. There was nothing Websterian about him. But he had a clear head, an admirable temper, a sound heart, and a strong natural bent for argument and for statecraft. His environment was most fortunate, and that doubtless accounts for his early development. But, above all, he placed honesty before expediency, and was ready to follow convictions matured by study and by thought wherever they might lead him. Thousands of Americans in and out of New England think of him as the man who came nearer than any other of the time to realizing their ideal of what a political leader should be. They have lost a leader whom they will not know how to replace; but they lost him, praise God! not through any defection of his from the principles he stood to represent, but in his integrity and strength, and, as it were, in the heat of battle.

A great deal has been said about Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt since he has been ill, and the qualities that have won him his place in the community have been duly dwelt upon. Everybody knows that he is a good man, whose conscience works during all his waking hours, and who tries to do his whole duty to his fellow-men. Mr. Vanderbilt has done many things that are very useful. For one thing, he has lived an upright and honorable life in public and in private, and that, in a man of his conspicuous position, has been a public service of no small importance. Then he has given away a great deal of money, and given it wisely; has built churches and college halls, endowed charitable and religious institutions, and has doubtless done a vast deal for individuals, and in ways that are not known. He has been a great builder, too, on his own account, and his great houses in New York and Newport are beautiful examples of architecture, which please the eye and educate the taste. Yet, after all, the labor that has most engrossed his time and strength has been what is vulgarly called "making money"—that is, taking care of the interests which he and his family control, keeping them in such condition that they are profitable, and investing their surplus returns. It seems possible, and the thought is worth considering, that this service, which will strike most people as a species of selfish labor, is, after all, the most important that he has rendered, and that which has benefited the most people. A gift is appreciated because it is understood. The labors of a statesman are appreciated sometimes because they are obviously in the interest of the public. But the labors of men who manage great quasi-public corporations in which thousands of shareholders besides themselves are interested, and on which thousands of workmen depend, are not always rated at their true value as public services. It is true they are well paid for, but it is also true that they are immensely valuable, and oftentimes deserving of recognition in honor and esteem besides what they yield directly in cash.

The list of new students entered at Yale is shorter than was hoped for, the number being about the same as last year. Yale does not expect to grow any more until the times are better. It is thought at New Haven that a good many of those who passed the entrance examinations will fail to appear in the fall, and one of the professors is quoted as saying that if the Chicago convention had met before the examinations, the number of candidates would have been smaller than it was.

It is gratifying to learn that Speaker Reed is not going to accept the recent invitation of a New York newspaper to settle in New York and have fun and make money. He will run for Congress again, and no doubt the First District of Maine will see that the country has the benefit of his services. It ought to be a misdemeanor attended with suitable penalties to suggest to any man who is in Congress, and is fit to be there and able to stay there, that there is any other place on earth except the White House or the Senate that is open to him. To keep in the House all the sane and competent men who are there, and to send just as many more of the same sort to abide with them, is what every patriot in these times should hump himself to accomplish.

In Missouri ideas of hospitality and of the attributes of perfect freedom seem to be still a little crude. At Jefferson City, on July 16, Governor Stone gave a reception to the Hon. "Silver Dick" Bland, at which he is reported to have said: "When I was a candidate for Governor, I told the people that, if elected, they would be welcome to call at the mansion, put their feet on the table, and spit on the carpet. Many friends called on me to-day, and when reminded of the promise, I pointed out the table, the floor, and offered to furnish the tobacco to every one who wanted to spit." The report says that Mr. Bland and all his friends promptly accepted the Governor's invitation, but it is not a sworn report, and may be doubted, though the population of Jefferson City is only about 7000, and no doubt diversion is scarce there, and visitors have to be content with simple pleasures.

A friend of the Weekly calls attention to "the remarkable showing made by Princeton men in current letters," and concurs with a newspaper opinion that it is due to the circumstance that "Princeton is one of the colleges which retain the old, solid, fruitful, classical drill." Perhaps so, though literary proficiency seems to run in streaks, and a college oftentimes will graduate within a year or two a little group of good writers, and then go on for a good while without yielding another. There seems to have been a literary pocket uncovered at Princeton about the time of the graduation of Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

Justice Field, whose retirement from the Supreme Court bench seems foreshowed by the condition of his health, is seventy-nine years old, and was appointed by President Lincoln in 1863. It seems pretty safe to assume that if he recovers his health and faculties sufficiently to be interested in the personality of his successor, the appointment which fills his place on the bench will be made by Mr. Cleveland. His career on the bench has been no less distinguished and honorable than protracted.

The Tree-planting Association of New York city is about to be organized, with the object of encouraging tree-planting in the streets of New York. Its annual dues will not exceed five dollars, and citizens who want shady streets and would like to join it are invited to send their applications to Cornelius B. Mitchell, Esq., 64 Wall Street, New York.

E. S. Martin.

The death of Joseph Alfred Novello, at Genoa, on the 17th of July, calls attention to a man who has done more than any one else to foster sound musical taste in England and America. Born in London of an English-Italian family, famed for a century for musical ability, it was Joseph Alfred who first had printed the musical scores of the great masters, which were publications not alone excellent as to style, but were to be had at reasonable prices. Vincent Novello, Joseph's father, began as a music-publisher in London as far back as 1811. The business took a much larger scope when, in 1846, Joseph Alfred printed from type the works of Handel, Haydn, Bach, Mozart, and others. He was thus enabled to lower very much the price of music, and so extend the demand. It is positive that such admiration as exists in the United States and England for Bach is due to the wide circulation Bach obtained through the Novello press. Perhaps, too, if not for Novello, Mendelssohn would never have been so generally accessible. With Mendelssohn, Novello was on intimate terms, as were his sisters, Cecilia and Clara Anastasia, both vocalists of distinction. In England Novello was well known, apart from his business, as one who had fought the hardest against the taxation of knowledge. Retiring from business in 1856, Mr. Novello established himself in Italy, and was at the head of the Italian Irrigation Company. He enjoyed the friendship of many distinguished English and Italian statesmen, and he died at the ripe age of eighty-six.

B. P.

LONDON.

After many vexatious delays and incessant alteration of plans, which almost drove the London tradesmen to distraction, Princess Maud, the youngest, prettiest, and most accomplished daughter of the Prince of Wales, was successfully married to Prince Charles of Denmark. The delays were owing, it is said, to various little squabbles in the royal family on the question of dress, Princess Beatrice taking herself off to the sea-side rather than strike a jarring chord by appearing at the wedding in black. The choice of the place also gave rise to some dissatisfaction. The Chapel Royal, Buckingham Palace, is a small poky little church, not large enough to hold a fiftieth of the people who had a good right to be present. A good deal of outside pressure was brought to bear on the Prince of Wales to induce him to make Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's the scene of the ceremony. But the Queen would have none of it, and the tradesmen who saw a chance of making a fortune out of the wedding are grumbling loudly. The only whisper of complaint ever heard in England against the Queen is that her unwillingness to remain more than a few hours at a time in London does serious harm to the retail business of the metropolis. London, of course, depends immensely on the court, and Londoners not unnaturally think that when any royal ceremony comes to hand their interests ought to be fully consulted. There was one incident at the wedding which was in its way of greater interest than the wedding itself, and that was the sight of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain sitting side by side in the same pew. England is perfectly happy just now. It has had fine weather, a royal Derby, a capital university cricket-match, an unsurpassed Henley, and a royal wedding.

"What's the good of diplomats? I was once a diplomat myself." So says Mr. Henry Labouchere, and the Venezuelan business seems a case in point. Here are two nations anxious to be friends, and in spite of all diplomacy they will probably succeed in being so. Lord Salisbury's practical withdrawal from the position he took up at the end of last year has created very little surprise here. It is hard to concentrate the attention of the English people when a royal wedding is in the air, and for the rest all interest in the Venezuelan dispute has died out months ago. It was a seven days' wonder, and nothing else. The Transvaal raid has wiped out the memory of Mr. Cleveland's message, which was never appreciated here at its proper seriousness. Englishmen were a good deal more interested in the meaning and derivation of the word "bugaboo," which a New York paper used in describing it, than they were in the message itself. "War with America?" they said. "Impossible; absurd; it can never be," and so dismissed the matter. Only the London *Globe*, one of the oldest, dullest, and most respectable papers in England, has seen fit to protest against Lord Salisbury's retreat. But the *Globe* is a journal of no importance, and the sober opinion of England is that the Prime Minister is on the right tack, and that, somehow or other, things will eventually come out all right.

S. B.

ROME.

If any credence can be placed in a bit of gossip that has been going the rounds of Italian official society, it would seem that the recent fall of the Rudini cabinet was due to a very small matter totally outside the field of politics, but very close to the hearts of the majority of the Italian people. The stumbling-block seems to have been nothing more or less than military music. The financial stress of the government had forced a reduction of the budget for army expenditures, and General Ricotti, Minister of War, thereupon deemed it further advisable to propose a corresponding reduction of the military forces in the home garrisons. He drafted a bill to that end, and it was accepted and approved at a cabinet council. Furthermore, General Ricotti received the assurances of his colleagues in the ministry that his bill would be supported by them in the discussion before the Chamber of Deputies. But on the day previous to that set for the debate the cabinet came to the conclusion that it would be wiser not to bring up the Ricotti bill during the present session. It is possible that Premier Rudini may have been influenced towards this decision by the arguments of those who consider that in order to maintain her military prestige, and to fulfil her obligations toward her German and Austrian allies, Italy must keep up her existing military establishment. On the other hand, however, rumor has it that the attention of the cabinet ministers was directed to one clause in the bill which provided for the reduction by one-half of all the infantry bands in the army. When one considers how important a feature of Italian popular and military life these regimental bands have become, it is easy to understand how their proposed reduction will form a strong pretext to delay the discussion of General Ricotti's bill, or at least to reconsider it. When it was suggested to the Minister of War that he withdraw the obnoxious clause concerning the bands, he refused to make any alteration in his bill, and insisted upon its immediate debate in the Chamber. When this was still refused he resigned his portfolio, and this act brought about the resignation of the entire ministry. King Humbert then requested Marquis di Rudini to form another cabinet, which he found little trouble in doing, and General Pelloux became the new Minister of War. One of General Pelloux's first acts was to obtain a supplementary appropriation of ten million lire for army expenditures, as a result of which it is more than probable that the number of musicians in the bands will not be reduced, and the infantry regiments of Italy will still continue to have as good concerts as they enjoyed before the resignation of the first Rudini cabinet.

F. A.

CHICAGO.

The vacation schools planned for Chicago (of which mention was made in these columns some weeks ago) have been limited by lack of funds, and only one has been opened, in place of the half-dozen that were contemplated. That one, however, has proved so great a success that others are not likely to be long in following. On its first day the limit was reached, and hundreds of children had to be turned away because there was no room for them. It is something of a novelty to keep school under such conditions, with hordes of children clamorous for entrance, while the fortunate ones first on the ground come to their work with enthusiasm, and go home reluctantly when the day is over. Of course the kinds of work done in the school—the tool and needle work, the singing and drawing, the nature study and the country excursions—are the sufficient explanation of this feeling on the part of the children, and we must not hastily assume that all school-work may be made equally attractive. But there is in this experiment a lesson for schools of the old-fashioned routine sort, and the most earnest educators are everywhere taking to heart the results of such experiments as this. It is impossible to make all education as interesting as play, but a considerable part of it may be brightened by bringing into it something of the spirit that animates the kindergarten and the vacation school.

The convention that framed the Illinois Constitution of 1870 was so confident of the finality of the work accomplished that a provision was inserted prohibiting the submission to the voters of the State of more than one amendment at a time. This provision has proved very useful in heading off the efforts of various wild-eyed "reformers" to alter the fundamental law in the interests of their respective hobbies, and has kept the Constitution nearly intact for more than a quarter of a century. Among other things, it has preserved for us the system of minority representation in the Legislature, a system still unique in our State constitutions, and shown to be of the greatest value in practice. The politicians swear at it now and then, but cannot get around it. But no State constitution of the modern type, dealing with all sorts of subjects that should be left to legislation, is likely to work well in a rapidly growing State, and it is becoming evident that the restriction of amendments to one every two years stands in the way of a number of reforms that are really needed. The most pressing of these reforms relate to the revenue laws of the State, for our present system of town assessors competing with each other for popular favor has resulted in a scandalous undervaluation of property; and this, coupled with the constitutional two-per-cent. limit upon general taxation, makes it yearly more and more difficult to provide the funds necessary for local government. The difficulty is felt most keenly in Chicago, and the city will be more and more straitened every year unless something is done. The Civic Federation is now taking the matter energetically in hand, and, as a preliminary, is urging the adoption next November of an amendment to the Constitution whereby hereafter it may become legal to vote upon no less than three amendments at the same time. If this change should be made, the next step, to be taken two years later, will be to present amendments looking to a complete change—in the direction of centralization and simplification—in the revenue arrangements for Cook County. Other reforms are also being agitated by the Federation, which will particularly concern itself to defeat the raid almost sure to be made next winter upon the civil service law of Illinois. Friends of civil service reform are learning here, as elsewhere, that to get the right kind of a law is only the beginning of the battle.

The Chicago Orchestra Association reports a deficit of $38,000 for the past season, the fifth of its existence. This is several thousand dollars less than the deficit for the year before, and is of course encouraging. Some of the seats have been slightly advanced in price for the coming year, which will probably reduce still further the amount that guarantors will be called upon to pay next summer. But the prices are still so moderate that an adverse balance must remain. The annual report of the manager informs the public that "if every seat in the Auditorium were sold for both matinée and evening concerts at the present scale of prices, there would still remain a deficit to overcome, though it would be so small that the guarantors would gladly meet it." This is rather an understatement of the attitude of the public-spirited citizens whose generosity has kept the orchestra at work during the last five years. Not only are they glad to meet a deficit, but they are determined—at least some of them are—that a deficit shall always exist. In other words, they are unwilling that the work of the orchestra should come to stand upon a purely commercial basis, and believe that, like universities and other public institutions, it ought to remain partly independent of its receipts from the sale of tickets. Their policy would be, in short, to create a new deficit by engaging more men or giving more concerts, should the present deficit show signs of disappearing. This high-minded conception of an orchestra deserves the widest recognition, and ought to stimulate men of wealth and public spirit in other cities to provide for this effective means of popular culture.

W. M. P.

PHILADELPHIA.

The Free Library, under the inspiring leadership of Dr. William Pepper and the generous appropriations of Councils, is constantly assuming larger and larger proportions, and supplying the city with what it has long needed. The Central Library is located on Chestnut Street above Twelfth; but if the pending loan ordinance becomes law, as now seems likely, there will be a million dollars at its disposal, a large portion of which will be available for building purposes. Branches have been established all over the city—in institutes like Wagner's, in the College Settlement, and in the various Young Men's Christian Associations. All are popular, and used by increasing numbers. A new departure of Librarian Thompson's is likely to prove both interesting and instructive as an experiment. Travelling libraries are to be supplied to the police and fire station-houses, thus affording the police and firemen, who now have very considerable time on their hands, which they must spend at headquarters, with the means of profitably amusing and instructing themselves. Now their time is mainly spent in playing cards or gossiping, neither of which is particularly useful or helpful.

It is an encouraging sign of the times that the Pennsylvania Civil Service Reform Association can say of the bill prepared by the late Republican State Convention (controlled by Senator Quay), in fulfilment of previous party pledges, that "the association is happy to give its cordial approval to the main feature of the act, and to express the hope that it will meet with support from the people of the commonwealth."

C. R. W.

There were few better known men in the shipping circles of New York than Walter O. Lewis, who died at Germantown, Pennsylvania, July 15. Mr. Lewis was the pioneer in the business of collecting information from incoming vessels, and distributing the news before the vessel had actually made port. His plan continued in operation, with few changes, until within a comparatively short time. For almost half a century the accounts of voyages of ships bound for American ports, but more especially for New York, were furnished by this system. Mr. Lewis was born in 1815, at Sheffield, Massachusetts, and while yet a young man was appointed to a responsible position at the Hartford office of the New York and Boston Telegraph Company. He held that place for about fifteen years, and then resigned to accept the managership of the New York and Washington Printing Telegraph Company. While in the employ of that corporation he conceived the idea of making a quick collection of ship news, which at the time had not been undertaken, and with this end in view he leased the marine wire from Sandy Hook to New York. A force of men was organized, and the plan of sending out boats to meet incoming vessels was instituted. By the aid of carrier-pigeons reports of the voyages of these vessels were swiftly borne to Sandy Hook, and there put on the wire which carried the news to New York. Later Mr. Lewis perfected the system and extended its operations. He soon afterward accepted a place with the Associated Press, and was given charge of the Marine News department of that organization. He resigned the work to his son some few years ago. Until within a short time before his death he lived at East Orange, New Jersey.

F. C. W.

BOSTON.

It was an odd coincidence that the *Standard*, the A.P.A. organ in Boston, died a natural death on the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne. Its age was twelve years and four months; its editor was a discredited politician, and the only motive for its existence was hostility, in season and out of season, to Catholics. Two hundred thousand dollars are said to have been sunk in this enterprise, and the money came almost entirely out of the pockets of honest but narrow-minded people who could ill afford to lose it. The stockholders numbered four thousand. If now the *British American*, which exists solely for the purpose of vilifying the Irish, and one or two Irish papers—not those in Boston—which exist solely for vilifying the English, could follow the *Standard* to its unhallowed grave, the cause of true Americanism would be served.

A pedagogic association which met at Bethlehem, in the White Mountains, last week, discussed, among other matters, the district school of New England. They found it to be in a very bad way—the instruction poor, the supervision of it careless and incompetent, and, what is the most surprising, its cost excessive. It was stated that the district school in swell towns costs the tax-payer more, in proportion to the number of scholars, than do the graded schools of the larger towns. The chief cause for the decline in efficiency of the district schools is that they no longer draw their teachers, as was formerly the case, mainly from undergraduates and recent graduates of the New England colleges. In old times the college terms and the school terms were arranged so as not to conflict. It would be safe to say that most of the professional men who have attained eminence in New England during the past fifty years taught school while they were in college.

The Boston Cadets, the crack militia company of Massachusetts, were in camp at Nahant last week, and on a particular day, when the weather was excessively hot, out of the two hundred and eighty-five men on the roll, not one was reported sick. This spoke well for the health of city people. But whoever wishes to live long must live in the country. Two twins in Vermont, women both, celebrated lately their ninety-sixth birthday. They are not spinsters, either, who have dreamed their lives away in the repose of a New England village; they are married women, who have had between them a matter of some three or four husbands.

They are discussing in Boston the feasibility and the advisability of having a large bath-room in every schoolhouse, and of sousing the children in it as a preparatory educational step. It seems that a custom prevails in some parts of that city of taking a bath only once in six months or thereabouts, and this is not considered wholesome. Some people object to the compulsory bath for schoolchildren, on the ground that it savors of "paternalism"—but there are some things worse than paternalism, and one of those things is dirt.

H. C. M.

NEW ORLEANS.

What is an opera bonnet? is likely to become an important issue, social and political, in New Orleans next fall. The Louisiana Legislature, which adjourned July 10, settled a disputed Gubernatorial election, called a constitutional convention, framed a new charter for New Orleans, modified the suffrage, and did more than any previous Legislature in fifty years; but all these matters were of small popular interest or concern compared with the high-hat bill passed by it, prohibiting women from wearing hats at theatres. The State-house was crowded on the day of the final passage of the bill, the audience the largest of the session, the most resplendent in beauty and dress, and the oratory the most brilliant. Senator Fenner, of Orleans, who led the fight for the women, and antagonized the law as frivolous, succeeded in getting in an amendment allowing the wearing of opera hats and aigrettes. It is this amendment which has caused all the trouble and threatens confusion at the theatres in the fall, for neither the laws nor the dictionaries give any definite and fixed idea of what an "opera hat" is. The milliners of New Orleans interviewed on the subject declare that an opera hat is one which fits close to the head, and is without brim, but that it can be trimmed or decorated in any way its owner wants, so that there is no reason why it should not be as high as a bonnet of the Marie Antoinette type. It is proposed that the milliners agree as to a type of feminine head-gear to be known as "the standard opera bonnet" to be worn next winter, for if the selection be left to the preferences of each woman, the aim of the law—to allow theatre-goers to see the stage—will be defeated. But it is recognized that even this is not likely to occur without a "woman's war."

The New Orleans parks are at last to get a steady income for their support and improvement, but it has taken an act of the Legislature to accomplish it. Heretofore its two parks, Audubon and Lower City, have been treated by the city like step-children—there was never enough money in the Treasury to keep them—and they have been compelled to depend upon the uncertain and insufficient funds that could be raised by picnics, concerts, and charitable donations. As it was impossible to keep up all Audubon Park by these means, half of it was handed over to the Experiment Station to use as a farm, and half the remainder is as yet unimproved to any extent. It is only of late years that the parks have been patronized; it was not the fashion to go there of old; and a comparatively short time ago they were so unpopular and secluded that they were the favorite duelling-grounds for New Orleans. "The Oaks," in the Lower City Park, have probably seen more duels than any place in America. Two or three years ago the people took to the parks, and they have been going there in such numbers since that they are demanding better accommodations and more improvements. The Legislature has finally taken hold of the matter, and has ordered the city to make an appropriation for the parks, or rather has taken from the city interest fund enough to provide for their maintenance and improvement.

Laurence O'Donnell, a millionaire of New Orleans, who died a few days ago, has managed greatly to shock public curiosity with his will. Mr. O'Donnell was a man of quiet habits, who, in spite of his fortune, lived most unostentatiously, and who disliked notoriety above all things. It has long been rumored that his will was peculiar and interesting; and as soon, therefore, as it was probated there was a rush of reporters to get a copy of it. They were met with a polite refusal. Mr. O'Donnell specially provided that his will should not be published; and the Public Administrator, who happened to be his son-in-law, supported his wish. The District Judge informed the newspapers that they could bring suit against him, and he would then determine whether a man's wishes in regard to his will should be respected, or whether the public had a right to know how he left his money. None of the papers seems anxious for a lawsuit, and so the mystery of the O'Donnell testament will never be known.

N. W.

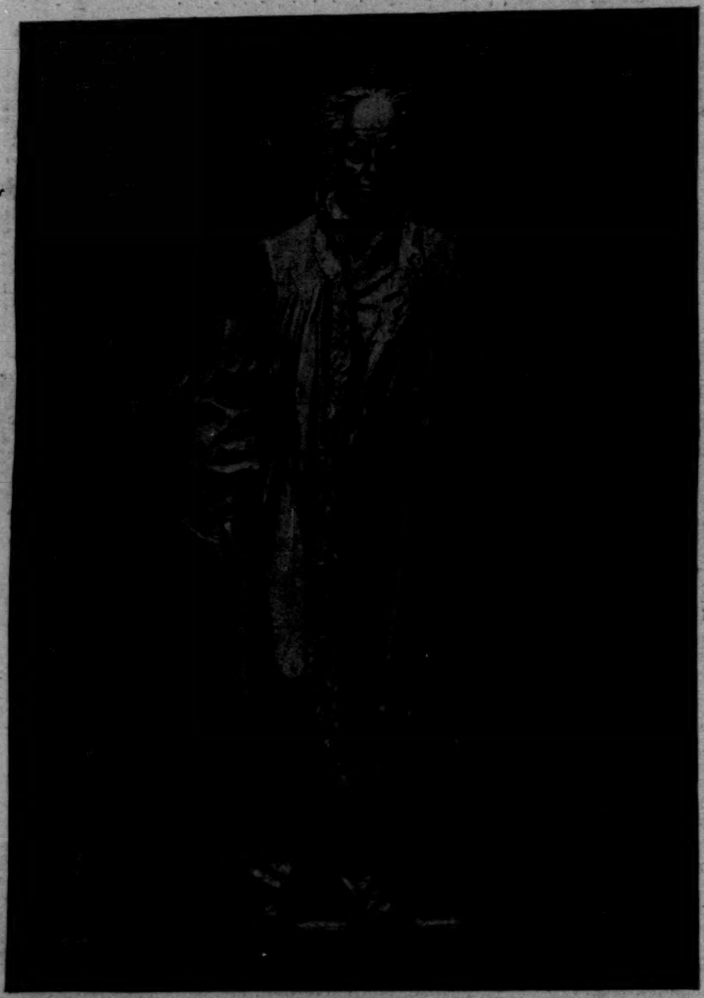
SAN FRANCISCO.

The topic that is discussed by every one who owns property in San Francisco and in other cities of the State is how to reduce the tax rate, which, despite hard times and shrinkage in values, has increased steadily for five years. In San Francisco the tax rate reached, last year, $2 35 on the $100, and many owners of business property actually saw four months' rent absorbed by taxes. This excessive tax is due to criminal waste in the various municipal offices, which experts have estimated at $2,000,000 a year. The outcry against the old system is so general that even veteran boodlers have lost their nerve, and the fiscal year which has just begun will probably be marked by a reduction of the tax rate to $1 60 on the $100. In other California cities the corruption in office is not so great as in San Francisco, but in all waste and extravagance are noteworthy.

A typical Spanish Californian of the old régime, Tomas Palomares, died last week at Pomona, where he had made his home for sixty years. When the Franciscan missions were secularized and passed from the control of the padres who founded them, and their lands and herds were divided among the prominent Spanish families, Palomares received as his share 19,000 acres, on which are now built the town of Pomona and the great beet-sugar factory at Chino, the largest in the far West. As late as 1860 Palomares had 9000 cattle and 14,000 sheep. Like all his race, he was generous, hospitable, and extravagant. Even to his last years he had little idea of the value of money. In the heyday of his fortunes he spent a fortune in gambling. It is recorded that on one trip to San Francisco he sold his herd of cattle for $18,000, but a fortnight later set out for home light of heart and equally light of purse, for he had not one dollar left of the proceeds of his sale. The same traits marked Vallejo, Alvarado, Pico, Gonzales, and other prominent native Californians. Each began life with a fortune, and each died poor, stripped of a royal patrimony in lands and cattle.

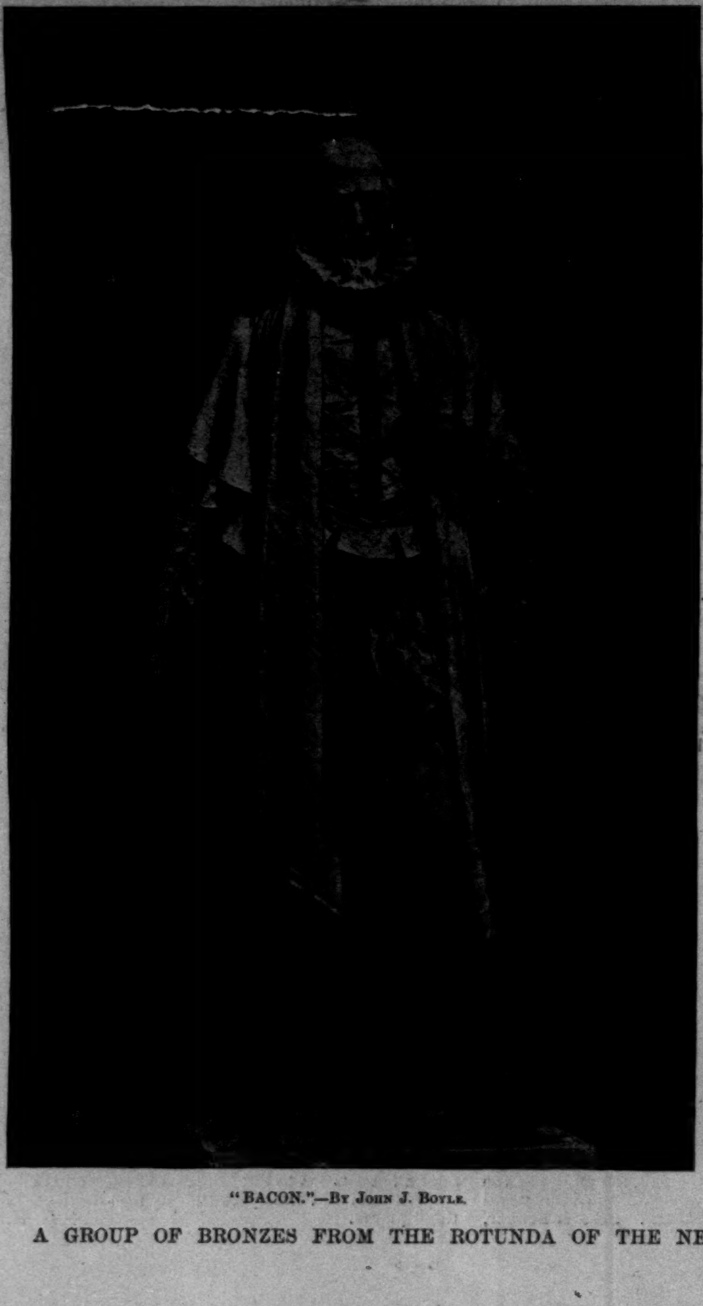
The greatest gold-mining rush that the Pacific coast has seen since the Fraser River and Cariboo excitement of forty years ago, and the Comstock stampede a generation later, was that to the placer diggings at Cook Inlet in Alaska last spring. It is estimated that 4000 men started from this coast for the far North. For weeks the mining fever raged at Seattle and Fort Townsend, on Puget Sound, which were the two main outfitting places. All kinds of craft were chartered for the voyage, and many prospectors set out with little money and few supplies. Unless gold is found in greater abundance than in previous years, many of these miners will suffer hardships. Several men who have returned to Seattle within a few days suggest that the Federal government should send a relief vessel to Six Mile and Resurrection creeks to furnish food and transportation to 1500 destitute men at those places.

G. H. F.

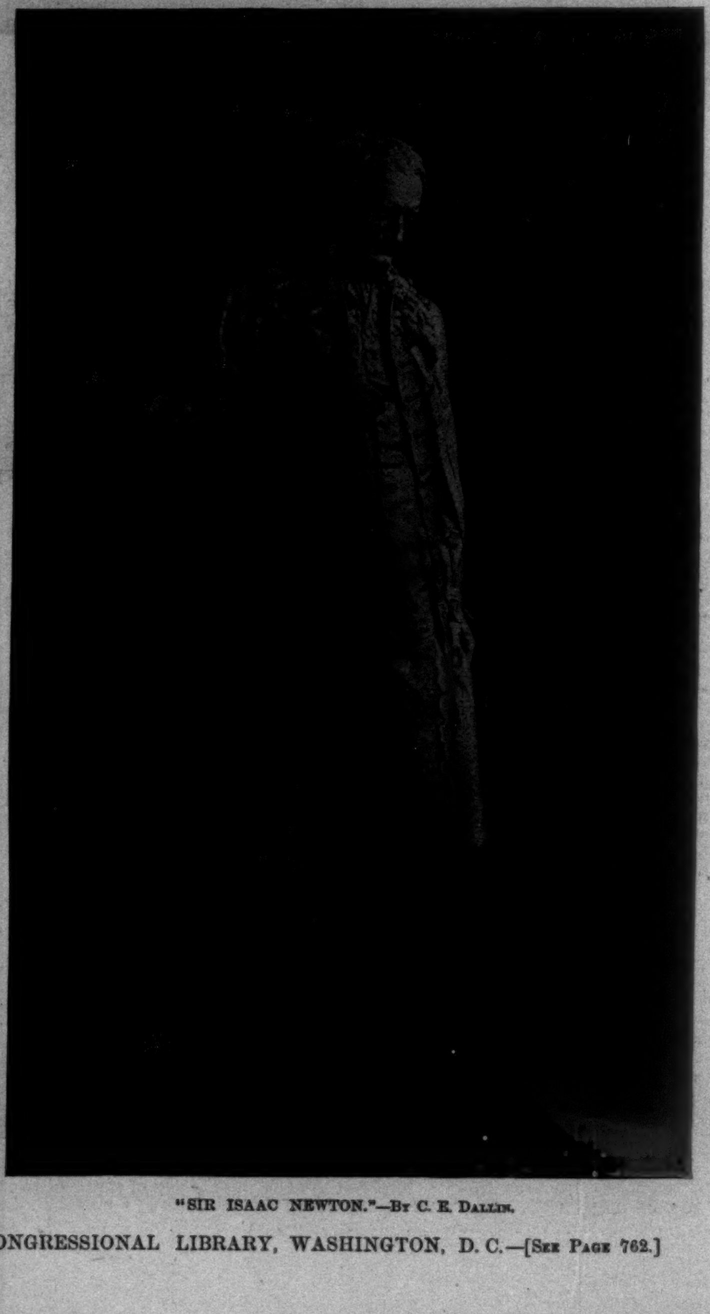


"CHANCELLOR KENT."—By George E. Bissell.

"ST. PAUL."—By John Donoghue.

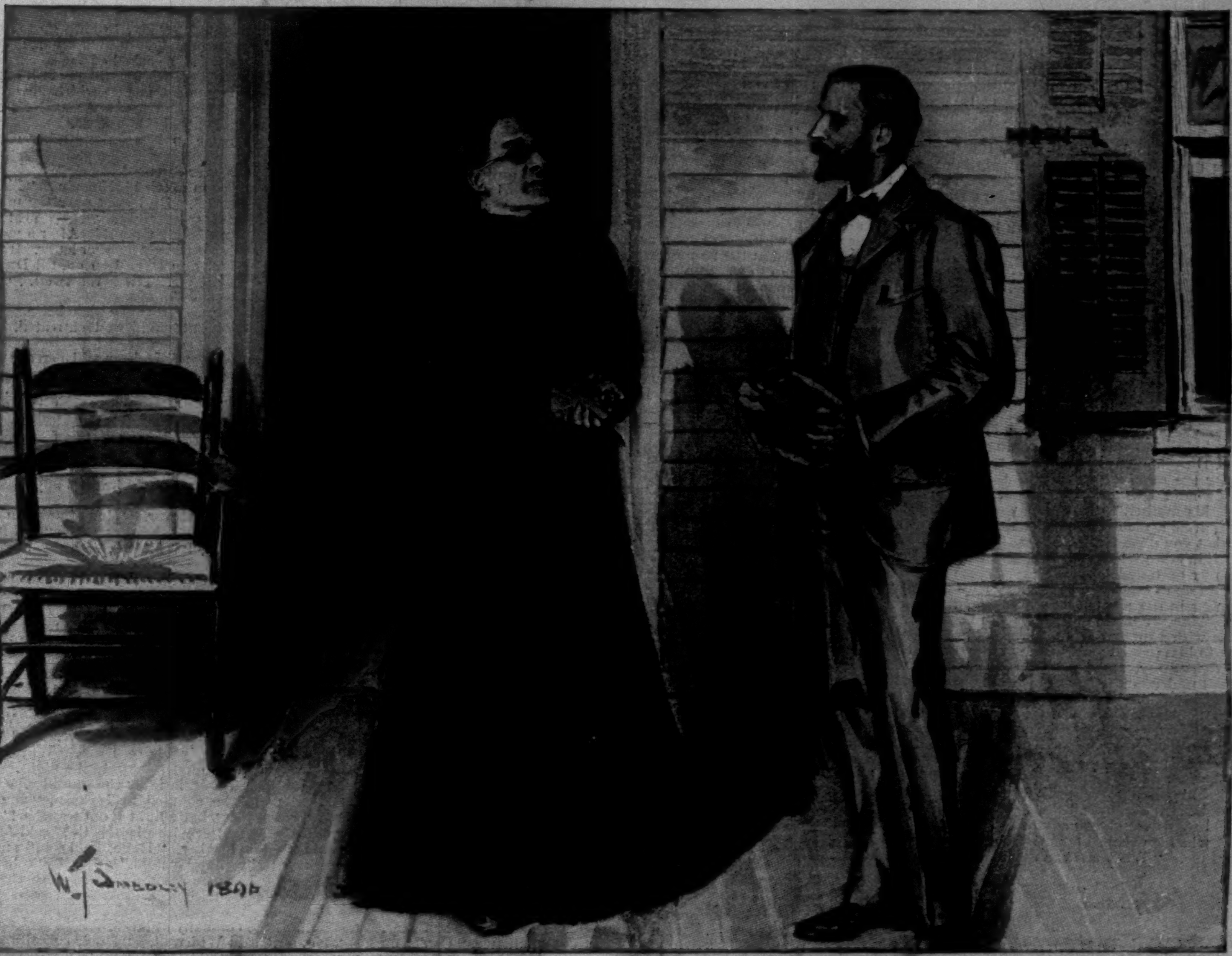


"BACON."—By John J. Boyle.



"SIR ISAAC NEWTON."—By C. E. Dallin.

A GROUP OF BRONZES FROM THE ROTUNDA OF THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[See Page 762.]



THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,

AUTHOR OF "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," "THE QUALITY OF MERCY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

XIII.

JEFF DURGIN entered Harvard that fall, with fewer conditions than most students have to work off. This was set down to the credit of Lovewell Academy, where he had prepared for the University; and some observers in such matters were interested to note how thoroughly the old school in a remote country town had done its work for him.

None who formed personal relations with him at that time conjectured that he had done much of the work for himself, and even to Westover, when Jeff came to him some weeks after his settlement in Cambridge, he seemed painfully out of his element, and unamiably aware of it. For the time at least he had lost the jovial humor, not too kindly always, which largely characterized him, and expressed itself in sallies of irony which were not so unkindly either. The painter perceived that he was on his guard against his own friendly interest; Jeff made haste to explain that he came because he had told his mother that he would do so. He scarcely invited a return of his visit, and he left Westover wondering at the sort of vague rebellion against his new life which he seemed to be in. The painter went out to see him in Cambridge, not long after, and was rather glad to find him rooming with some other rustic Freshman in a humble street running from the square toward the river; for he thought Jeff must have taken his lodging for its cheapness, out of regard to his mother's means. But Jeff was not glad to be found there, apparently; he said at once that he expected to get a room in the Yard the next year, and eat at Memorial Hall. He spoke scornfully of his boarding-house as a place where they were all a lot of jays together; and Westover thought him still more at odds with his environment than he had before. But Jeff consented to come in and dine with him at his restaurant, and afterwards go to the theatre with him.

When he came, Westover did not quite like his despatch of the half-bottle of California claret served each of them with the Italian table d'hôte. He did not like his having already seen the play he proposed; and he found some difficulty in choosing a play which Jeff had not seen. It appeared then that he had been at the theatre two or three times a week for the last month, and that it was almost as great a passion with him as with Westover himself. He had become already a critic of acting, with a rough good sense of it, and a decided opinion. He knew which actors he preferred, and which actresses, better still. It was some consolation for Westover to find that he mostly took an admission ticket when he came in to the theatre; but though he could not blame Jeff for showing his own fondness for it, he wished that he had not his fondness.

So far Jeff seemed to have spent very few of his evenings in Cambridge, and Westover thought it would be well if he had some acquaintance there. He made favor for him with a friendly family, who asked him to dinner. They did it to oblige Westover, against their own judgment and knowledge, for they said it was always the same with Freshmen: a single act of hospitality finished the acquaintance. Jeff came, and he behaved with as great indifference to the kindness meant him as if he were dining out every night; he excused himself very early in the evening on the ground that he had to go into Boston, and he never paid his dinner-call. After that Westover tried to consider his whole duty to him fulfilled, and not to trouble himself farther. Now and then, however, Jeff disappointed the expectation Westover had formed of him, by coming to see him, and being apparently glad of the privilege. But he did not make the painter think that he was growing in grace or wisdom, though he apparently felt an increasing confidence in his own knowledge of life.

Westover could only feel a painful interest tinged with amusement in his grotesque misconceptions of the world where he had not yet begun to right himself. Jeff believed lurid things of the society wholly unknown to him; to his gross credulity, Boston houses which at the worst were the homes of a stiff and cold exclusiveness, were the scenes of riot only less scandalous than the dissipation to which fashionable ladies abandoned themselves at champagne suppers in the Back Bay hotels, and on their secret visits to the Chinese opium-joints in Kingston Street.

Westover tried to make him see how impossible his fallacies were; but he could perceive that Jeff thought him either wilfully ignorant or helplessly innocent; and of far less authority than a barber who had the entrée of all these swell families as hair-dresser, and who corroborated the witness of a hotel night-clerk (Jeff would not give their names) to the depravity of the upper classes. He had to content himself with saying: "I hope you will be ashamed some day of having believed such rot. But I suppose it's something you've got to go through. You may take my word for it, though, that it isn't going to do you any good. It's going to do you harm, and that's why I hate to have you think it, for your own sake. It can't hurt any one else."

What disgusted the painter most was that, with all his belief in the wickedness of the fine world, it was clear that Jeff would have willingly been of it; and he divined that if he had any strong aspirations they were for society and for social acceptance. He had fancied, when the fellow seemed to care so little for the studies of the University, that he might come forward in its sports. Jeff gave more and more the effect of tremendous strength in his peculiar physique, though there was always the disappointment of not finding him tall. He was of the middle height, but he was hewn out and squared upward massively. He felt like stone to any accidental contact, and the painter brought away a bruise from the mere brunt of his shoulders. He learned that Jeff was a frequenter of the gymnasium, where his strength must have been known, but he could not make out that he had any standing among the men who went in for athletics. If Jeff had even this, the sort of standing in college which he failed of would easily have been won too. But he had been falsely placed at the start, or some quality of his nature neutralized other qualities that would have made him a leader in college, and he remained one of the least forward men in it. Other jays won favor and liking, and ceased to be jays; Jeff continued a jay. He was not chosen into any of the nicer societies; those that he joined when he thought they were swell, he could not care for when he found they were not.

Westover came into a knowledge of the facts through his casual and scarcely voluntary confidences, and he pitied him somewhat while he blamed him a great deal more, without being able to help him at all. It appeared to him that the fellow had gone wrong more through ignorance than perversity, and that it was a stubbornness of spirit rather than a badness of heart that kept him from going right. He sometimes wondered whether it was not more a baffled wish to be justified in his own esteem than anything else that made him overvalue the things he missed. He knew how such an experience as that with Mrs. Marven rankles in the heart of youth, and will not cease to smart till some triumph in kind brings it ease; but between the man of thirty and the boy of twenty there is a gulf fixed, and he could not ask. He did not know that a college man often goes wrong in his first year, out of no impulse that he can very clearly account for himself, and then when he ceases to be merely of his type and becomes more of his character, he pulls up and goes right. He did not know how much Jeff had been with a set that was fast without being fine. The boy had now and then a book in his hand when he came; not always such a book as Westover could have wished, but still a book; and to his occasional questions about how he was getting on with his college work, Jeff made brief answers, which gave the notion that he was not neglecting it.

Toward the end of his first year he sent to Westover one night from a station-house, where he had been locked up for breaking a street-lamp in Boston. By his own showing he had not broken the lamp, or assisted, except through his presence, at the misdeed of the tipsy students who had done it. His breath betrayed that he had been drinking too; but otherwise he seemed as sober as Westover himself, who did not know whether to augur well or ill for him from the proofs he had given before of his ability to carry off a bottle of wine with a perfectly level head. Jeff seemed to believe Westover a person of such influence that he could secure his release at once, and he was abashed to find that he must pass the night in the

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2063.

cell, where he conferred with Westover through the bars.

In the police court, where his companions were fined, the next morning, he was discharged for want of evidence against him; but the University authorities did not take the same view as the civil authorities. He was suspended, and for the time he passed out of Westover's sight and knowledge.

He expected to find him at Lion's Head, where he went to pass the month of August—in painting those pictures of the mountain which had in some sort, almost in spite of him, become his specialty. But Mrs. Durgin employed the first free moments after their meeting in explaining that Jeff had got a chance to work his way to London on a cattle-steamer, and had been abroad the whole summer. He had written home that the voyage had been glorious, with plenty to eat and little to do; and he had made favor with the captain for his return by the same vessel in September. By other letters it seemed that he had spent the time mostly in England; but he had crossed over into France for a fortnight, and had spent a week in Paris. His mother read some passages from his letters aloud to show Westover how Jeff was keeping his eyes open. His accounts of his travel were a mixture of crude sensation in the presence of famous scenes and objects of interest, hard-headed observation of the facts of life, narrow-minded misconception of conditions, and wholly intelligent and adequate study of the art of inn-keeping in city and country.

Mrs. Durgin seemed to feel that there was some excuse due for the relative quantity of the last. "He knows that's what I'd care for the most; and Jeff a'n't one to forget his mother." As if the word reminded her, she added, after a moment, "We sha'n't any of us soon forget what you done for Jeff—that time."

"I didn't do anything for him, Mrs. Durgin; I couldn't," Westover protested.

"You done what you could, and I know that you saw the thing in the right light, or you wouldn't 'a' tried to do anything. Jeff told me every word about it. I know he was with a pretty harum-scarum crowd. But it was a lesson to him; and I wa'n't going to have him come back here, right away, and have folks talkin' about what they couldn't understand, after the way the paper had it."

"Did it get into the papers?"

"Mm." Mrs. Durgin nodded. "And some dirty, sneakin' thing, here, wrote a letter to the paper and told a passel o' lies about Jeff, and all of us; and the paper printed Jeff's picture with it: I don't know *how* they got a hold of it. So when he got that chance to go, I just said, 'Go.' You'll see he'll keep all straight enough after this, Mr. Westover."

"Old woman read you any of Jeff's letters?" Whitwell asked, when his chance for private conference with Westover came. "What *was* the rights of that scrape he got into?"

Westover explained as favorably to Jeff as he could; the worst of the affair was the bad company he was in.

"Well, where there's smoke there's some fire. Cou't discharged him, and college suspended him. That's about where it is? I guess he'll keep out o' harm's way, next time. Read you what he said about them scenes of the Revolution in Paris?"

"Yes; he seems to have looked it all up pretty thoroughly."

"Done it for me, I guess, much as anything. I was always talkin' it up with him. Jeff's kep' his eyes open, that's a fact. He's got a head on him, more'n I ever thought."

Westover decided that Mrs. Durgin's prepotent behavior toward Mrs. Marven the summer before had not hurt her materially, with the witnesses even. There were many new boarders, but most of those whom he had already met were again at Lion's Head. They said there was no air like it; and no place so comfortable. If they had sold their birthright for a mess of pottage, Westover had to confess that the pottage was very good. Instead of the Irish woman at ten dollars a week who had hitherto been Mrs. Durgin's cook, under her personal surveillance and direction, she had now a man cook, whom she boldly called a *chef*, and paid eighty dollars a month. He wore the white apron and white cap of his calling, but Westover heard him speak Yankee through his nose to one of the stablemen as they exchanged hilarities across the space between the basement and the barn door. "Yes," Mrs. Durgin admitted, "he's an American; and he learnt his trade at one of the best hotels in Portland. He's pretty headstrong, but I guess he does what he's told—in the end. The meanyou? Oh, Franky Whitwell prints *them*. He's got an amature printing-office in the stable-loft."

XIV.

One morning toward the end of August, Whitwell, who was starting homeward, after leaving his ladies, burdened with their wishes and charges for the morrow, met Westover coming up the hill with his painting-gear in his hand. "Say!" he hailed him. "Why don't you come down to the house to-night? Jackson's goin' to come, and if you ha'n't seen him work the planchette for a spell, you'll be surprised. There a'n't hardly anybody he can't have up. You'll come? Good enough!"

What affected Westover first of all at the séance, and perhaps most of all, was the quality of the air in the little house; it was close and stuffy, mixed with an odor of mould and an ancient smell of rats. The kerosene-lamp set in the centre of the table, where Jackson afterwards placed his planchette, devoured the little life that was left in it. At the gasps which Westover gave, with some despairing glances at the closed windows, Whitwell said: "Hot? Well, I guess it is, a little. But you see Jackson has got to be careful about the night air; but I guess I can fix it for you." He went out into the ell, and Westover heard him raising a window. He came back and asked, "That do? It'll get round in here, directly," and Westover had to profess relief.

Jackson came in presently with the little Canuck, whom Whitwell presented to Westover: "Know Jombateeste?"

The two were talking about a landslide which had taken place on the other side of the mountain; the news had just come that they had found among the ruins the body of the farm-hand who had been missing since the morning of the slide; his funeral was to be the next day.

Jackson put his planchette on the table, and sat down before it with a sigh; the Canuck remained standing, and on foot he was scarcely a head higher than the seated Yankees. "Well," Jackson said, "I suppose he knows all about it now," meaning the dead farm-hand.

"Yes," Westover suggested, "if he knows anything."

"Know anything!" Whitwell shouted. "Why, man! Don't you believe he's as much alive as ever he was?"

"I hope so," said Westover, submissively.

"Don't you *know* it?"

"Not as I know other things. In fact, I *don't* know it," said Westover, and he was painfully aware of having shocked his hearers by the agnosticism so common among men in towns that he had confessed it quite simply and unconsciously. He perceived that faith in the soul and the life everlasting was as quick as ever in the hills, whatever grotesque or unwonted form it wore. Jackson sat with closed eyes, and his head fallen back; Whitwell stared at the painter, with open mouth; the little Canuck began to walk up and down impatiently; Westover felt a reproach, almost an abhorrence, in all of them.

Whitwell asked, "Why, don't you think there's any proof of it?"

"Proof? Oh, yes! There's testimony enough to carry conviction to the stubbornest mind on any other point. But it's very strange about all that. It doesn't convince anybody but the witnesses. If a man tells me he's seen a disembodied spirit, I can't believe him. I must see the disembodied spirit myself."

"That's something so," said Whitwell, with a relenting laugh.

"If one came back from the dead, to tell us of a life beyond the grave, we should want the assurance that he'd really been dead, and not merely dreaming."

Whitwell laughed again, in the delight the philosophic mind finds even in the reasoning that baffles it.

The Canuck felt perhaps the simpler joy that the average man has in any strange notion that he is able to grasp. He stopped in his walk, and said, "Yes, and if you was dead, and went to Heaven, and staid so long you smelt, like Lazarus, and you come back and tol' 'em what you saw, nobody goin' believe you."

"Well, I guess you're right, there, Jombateeste," said Whitwell, with pleasure in the Canuck's point. After a moment he suggested to Westover, "Then I s'pose if you feel the way you do, you don't care much about planchette?"

"Oh, yes, I do," said the painter. "We never know when we may be upon the point of revelation. I wouldn't miss any chance."

Whether Whitwell felt an ironic slant in the words or not, he paused a moment, before he said, "Want to start her up, Jackson?"

Jackson brought to the floor the fore feet of his chair which he had tilted from it in leaning back, and without other answer put his hand on the planchette. It began to fly over the large sheet of paper spread upon the table, in curves, and angles, and eccentrics.

"Feels pootty lively to-night," said Whitwell, with a glance at Westover.

The little Canuck, as if he had now no further concern in the matter, sat down in a corner and smoked silently. Whitwell asked, after a moment's impatience, "Can't you git her down to business, Jackson?"

Jackson gasped, "She'll come down when she wants to."

The little instrument seemed in fact trying to control itself. Its movements became less wild and large; the zigzags began to shape themselves into something like characters. Jackson's wasted face gave no token of interest; Whitwell laid half his gaunt length across the table in the endeavor to make out some meaning in them; the Canuck, with his hands crossed on his stomach, smoked on, with the same gleam in his pipe and eye.

The planchette suddenly stood motionless.

"She done?" murmured Whitwell.

"I guess she is, for a spell, anyway," said Jackson, wearily.

"Let's try to make out what she says." Whitwell drew the sheet toward himself and Westover, who sat next him. "You got to look for the letters everywhere. Sometimes she'll give you fair and square writin'; and then again she'll slat the letters down every which way, and you've got to hunt 'em out for yourself. Here's a B I've got. That begins along pretty early in the alphabet. Let's see what we can find next."

Westover fancied he could make out an F and a T; Whitwell exulted in an unmistakable K and N; and he made sure of an R and an E. The painter was not so sure of an S. "Well, call it an S," said Whitwell. "And I guess I've got an O here, and an H. Hello! Here's an A, as large as life. Pootty much of a mixture."

"Yes; I don't see that we're much better off than we were before," said Westover.

"Well, I don't know about that," said Whitwell. "Write 'em down in a row, and see if we can't pick out some sense. I've had worse finds than this; no vowels at all, sometimes; but here's three."

He wrote the letters down, while Jackson leaned back against the wall, in patient quiet.

"Well, sir," said Whitwell, pushing the paper, where he had written the letters in a line, to Westover, "make anything out of 'em?"

Westover struggled with them a moment. "I can make out one word: *shaft*."

"Anything else?" demanded Whitwell, with a glance of triumph at Jackson.

Westover studied the remaining letters. "Yes, I get one other word: *broken*."

"Just what I done! But I wanted you to speak first. It's Broken Shaft. Jackson, she caught right on to what we was talkin' about. This life," he turned to Westover, in solemn exegesis, "is a broken shaft, when death comes. It rests upon the earth, but you got to look for the top of it in the skies. That's the way I look at it. What do you think, Jackson? Jombateeste?"

"Me, I think anybody can't see that, better go and get some beye-glass."

Westover remained in a shameful minority. He said, meekly, "It suggests a beautiful hope."

Jackson brought his chair legs down again, and put his hand on the planchette.

"Feel that tinglin'?" asked Whitwell, and Jackson made yes, with silent lips. "After he's been workin' the planchette for a spell, and then leaves off, and she wants to say something more," Whitwell explained to Westover, "he seems to feel a kind of tinglin' in his arm, as if it was asleep, and then he's got to tackle her again. Writin' steady enough, now, Jackson!" he cried, joyously. "Let's see!" He leaned over and read, "*Thomas Jefferson*—" The planchette stopped. "My, I didn't go to do that," said Whitwell, apologetically. "You much acquainted with Jefferson's writin'?" he asked of Westover.

The painter had to own his ignorance of all except the dictum that the government is best which governs least; but he was not in a position to deny that Jefferson had ever said anything about a broken shaft.

"It may have come to him on the other side," said Whitwell.

"Perhaps," Westover assented.

The planchette began to stir itself again. "She's goin' ahead!" cried Whitwell. He leaned over the table so as to get every letter as it was formed. "D— Yes! Death. Death is the Broken Shaft. Go on!" After a moment of faltering the planchette formed another letter. It was a U, and it was followed by an R, and so on, till Durgin had been spelled.—"Thunder!" cried Whitwell. "If anything's happened to Jeff!"

Jackson lifted his hand from the planchette.

"Oh, go on, Jackson!" Whitwell entreated. "Don't leave it so!"

"I can't seem to go on," Jackson whispered, and Westover could not resist the fear that suddenly rose among them. But he made the first struggle against it. "This is nonsense. Or if there's any sense in it, it means that Jeff's ship has broken her shaft, and put back."

Whitwell gave a loud laugh of relief. "That's so! You've hit it, Mr. Westover."

Jackson said, quietly: "He didn't mean to start home till to-morrow. And how could he send any message unless he was—"

"Easily!" cried Westover. "It's simply an instance of mental impression—of telepathy, as they call it."

"That's *so!*" shouted Whitwell, with eager and instant conviction.

Westover could see that Jackson still doubted. "If you believe that a disembodied spirit can communicate with you, why not an embodied spirit? If anything has happened to your brother's ship, his mind would be strongly on you at home, and why couldn't it convey its thought to you?"

"Because he ha'n't started yet," said Jackson.

Westover wanted to laugh; but they all heard voices without, which seemed to be coming nearer, and he listened with the rest. He made out Frank Whitwell's voice, and his sister's; and then another voice, louder and gayer, rose boisterously above them. Whitwell flung the door open and plunged out into the night. He came back, hauling Jeff Durgin in by the shoulder.

"Here, now," he shouted to Jackson, "you just let this feller and plantchette fight it out together!"

"What's the matter with plantchette?" said Jeff, before he said to his brother, "Hello, Jackson," and to the Canuck, "Hello, Jombateeste." He shook hands conventionally with them both, and then with the painter, whom he greeted with greater interest. "Glad to see *you*, here, Mr. Westover. Did I take you by surprise?" he asked of the company at large.

"No, sir," said Whitwell. "Don't surprise *us* any, if you *are* a fortnight ahead of time," he added, with a wink at the others.

"Well, I took a notion I wouldn't wait for the cattle-ship, and I started back on a French boat. Thought I'd try it. They *live* well. But I hoped I should astonish you a little, too. I might as well waited."

Whitwell laughed. "We heard from you—plantchette kept right round after you."

"That so?" asked Jeff, carelessly.

"Fact. Have a good voyage?" Whitwell had the air of putting a casual question.

"First rate," said Jeff.—"Plantchette say not?"

"No. Only about the broken shaft."

"Broken shaft? We didn't have any broken shaft! Plantchette's got mixed a little. Got the wrong ship."

After a moment of chopfallenness, Whitwell said: "Then somebody been makin' free with your name. Curious how them devils cut up oftentimes."

He explained, and Jeff laughed uproariously, when he understood the whole case. "Plantchette's been havin' fun with you."

Whitwell gave himself time for reflection. "No, sir. I don't look at it that way. I guess the wires got crossed, some way. If there's such a thing as the spirits o' the livin' influencin' plantchette, accordin' to Mr. Westover's say, here, I don't see why it wa'n't Jeff's being so near that got control of her, and made her sign his name to somebody else's words. It shows there's something in it."

"Well, I'm glad to come back alive, anyway," said Jeff, with a joviality new to Westover. "I tell you, there a'n't many places finer than old Lion's Head, after all. Don't you think so, Mr. Westover? I want to get the daylight on it, but it does well by moonlight, even." He looked round at the tall girl, who had been lingering to hear the talk of planchette; at the backward tilt he gave his head, to get her in range, she frowned as if she felt his words a betrayal, and slipped out of the room; the boy had already gone, and was making himself heard in the low room overhead. "There's a lot of folks here, this summer, mother says," he appealed from the check he had got to Jackson. "Every room taken, for the whole month, she says."

"We've been pretty full all July, too," said Jackson, blankly.

"Well, it's a great business; and I've picked up a lot of hints, over there. We're not so smart as we think we are. The Swiss can teach us a thing or two. *They* know how to keep a hotel."

"Go to Switzerland?" asked Whitwell.

"I slipped over into the edge of it."

"I want to know! Well, now them Alps, now: they so much bigger'n the White Hills, after all?"

"Well, I don't know about all of 'em," said Jeff. "There may be some that would compare with our hills, but I should say that you could take Mount Washington up and set it in the lap of almost any one of the Alps I saw, and it would look like a baby on its mother's knee."

"I want to know!" said Whitwell again. His tone expressed disappointment, but impartiality; he would do justice to foreign superiority if he must. "And about the ocean. What about waves runnin' mountains high?"

"Well, we didn't have it very rough. But I don't believe I saw any waves much higher than Lion's Head." Jeff laughed to find Whitwell taking him seriously. "Won't that satisfy you?"

"Oh, it satisfies *me*. Truth always does. But, now,

about London. You didn't seem to say so much about London in your letters, now. *Is* it so big as they let on? Big, that is, to the naked eye, as you may say?"

"There a'n't any one place where you can get a complete bird's-eye view of it," said Jeff, "and two-thirds of it would be hid in smoke, anyway. You've got to think of a place that would take in the whole population of New England, outside of Massachusetts, and not feel as if it had more than a comfortable meal." Whitwell laughed for joy in the bold figure. "I'll tell you! When you've landed and crossed up from Liverpool, and struck London, you feel as if you'd gone to sea again. It's an ocean: a whole Atlantic of houses."

"That's right!" crowed Whitwell. "That's the way I thought it was. Growin' any?"

Jeff hesitated. "It grows in the night. You've heard about Chicago growing?"

"Yes!"

"Well, London grows a whole Chicago every night."

"Good!" said Whitwell. "That suits *me*. And about Paris, now. Paris strike you the same way?"

"It don't need to," said Jeff. "That's a place where I'd like to *live*. Everybody's at home, there. It's a man's house and his front yard, and I tell you they keep it clean. Paris is washed down every morning; scrubbed and mopped and rubbed dry. You couldn't find any more dirt than you could in mother's kitchen after she's hung out her wash. That so, Mr. Westover?"

Westover confirmed in general Jeff's report of the cleanliness of Paris.

"And beautiful! You don't know what a good-looking town is till you strike Paris. And they're proud of it, too! Every man acts as if he owned it. They've had the statue of Alsace,—in that Place de la Concorde of yours, Mr. Whitwell, where they had the guillotine,—all draped in black, ever since the war with Germany; and they mean to have her back, some day."

"Great country, Jombateeste," Whitwell shouted to the Canuck.

The little man roused himself from the muse in which he was listening and smoking. "Me, I'm Frantsh," he said.

"Yes, that's what Jeff was sayin'," said Whitwell. "I *meant* France."

"Oh," answered Jombateeste impatiently, "I thought you mean the Hunited State."

"Well, not this time," said Whitwell amidst the general laughter.

"Good for Jombateeste," said Jeff. "Stand up for Canada every time, John. It's the livest country in the world, three months of the year, and the ice keeps it perfectly sweet, the other nine."

Whitwell could not brook a diversion from the high and serious inquiry they had entered upon. "It must have made this country look pretty slim, when you got back. How d' New York look, after Paris?"

"Like a pigpen," said Jeff. He left his chair, and walked round the table toward a door opening into the adjoining room. For the first time Westover noticed a figure in white, seated there, and apparently rapt in the talk which had been going on. At the approach of Jeff, and before he could have made himself seen at the doorway, a tremor seemed to pass over the figure; it fluttered to its feet, and then it vanished into the further dark of the room. When Jeff disappeared within, there was a sound of rustling skirts and skurrying feet and the crash of a closing door, and then the free rise of laughing voices without. After a discreet interval Westover said: "Mr. Whitwell, I must say good-night. I've got another day's work before me. It's been a most interesting evening."

"You must try it again," said Whitwell, hospitably. "We ha'n't got to the bottom of that broken shaft, yet. You'll see 't plantchette 'll have something more to say about it. Heigh, Jackson?" He rose to receive Westover's good-night; the others nodded to him.

As the painter climbed the hill to the hotel he saw two figures on the road below: the one in white drapery looked severed by a dark line slanting across it at the waist. In the country, he knew, such an appearance might mark the earliest stages of love-making, or mere youthful tenderness, in which there was nothing more implied or expected. But whatever the fact was, Westover felt a vague distaste for it, which, as it related itself to a more serious possibility, deepened to something like pain. It was probable that it should come to this between those two, but Westover rebelled against the event with a sense of its unfitness for which he could not give himself any valid reason; and in the end he accused himself of being a fool.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MIDSUMMER.

Why rail against the radiant summer sun
  Because it beats too harshly on some days,
Because it brings not joy to every one,
  Nor peace, nor comfort to all human ways,
Because with sudden potencies it beats
Upon the city in death-burdened heats?

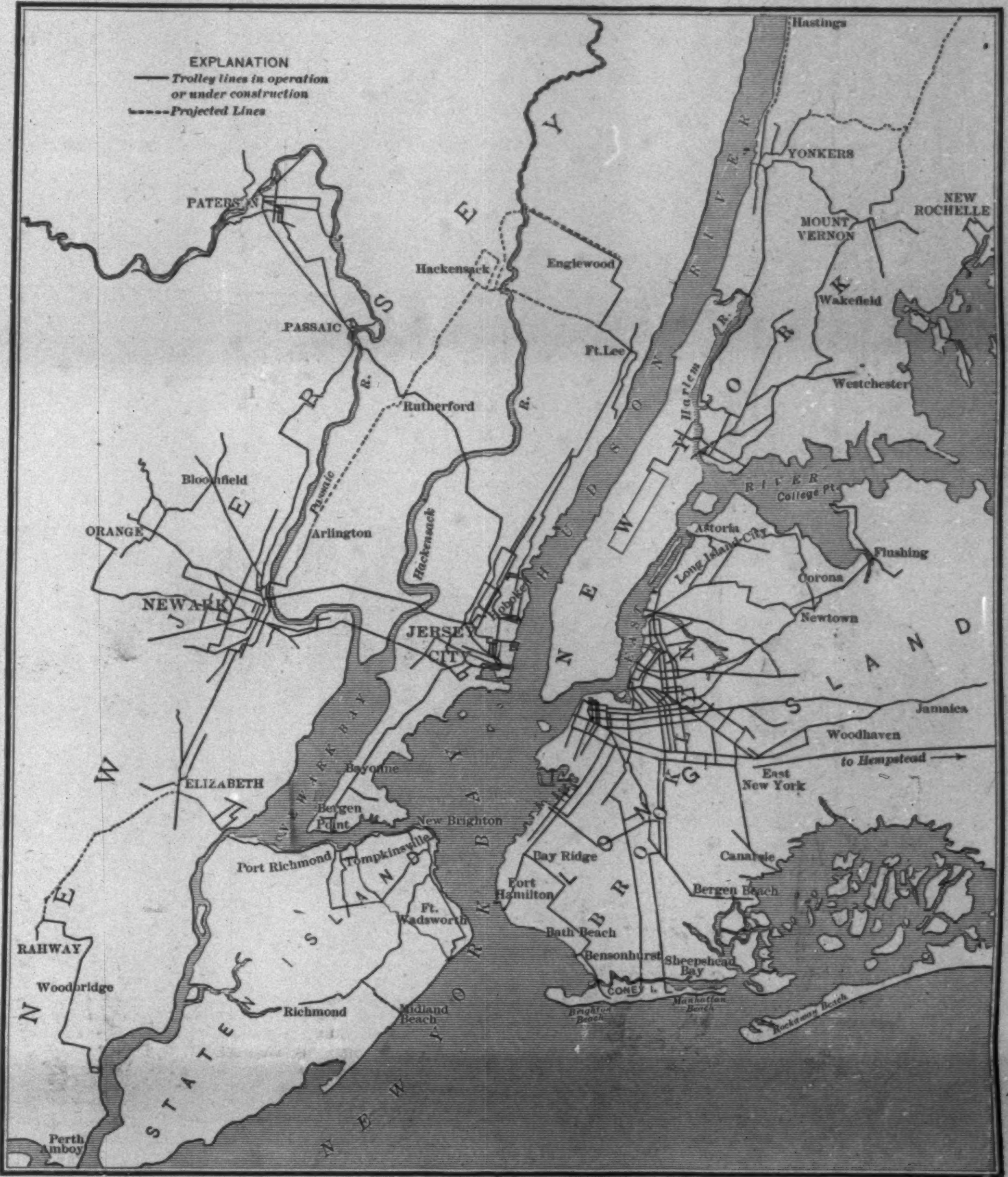
What season of the year has not its sting?....
  Winter is glorious, yet may freeze the heart;
There is subtle poison in the breath of spring,
  And autumn harbors an envenomed dart:
Each has its charm, each feels its own desire,
As every soul its own imperious fire.

These days of summer are so rich with bloom,
  So sweet with perfumes of the flowers and trees,
So wonderful with starlights hazed in gloom,
  So full of mystery on melodious seas,
So tender, dreamful, with bird-haunted noons
And songs of soft winds under yellow moons,

That we who live them with love-lighted souls,
  Gather their sweetness to ourselves and grow
Beyond the commonplace of common goals,
  Beyond the dull restraints that all men know,
And we are thrilled with a divining sense
Of love and its supreme omnipotence:

Now earth seems like a garden where our thought
  Blossoms anew in fresh and tender guise,
Where beauty has the power of life full wrought,
  And youth sees far with wide, enchanted eyes,
And where the air is scented as it flows
With fragrance of the jasmine and the rose.

George Edgar Montgomery.



MAP SHOWING EXISTING AND PROJECTED TROLLEY LINES AROUND NEW YORK.

THE "TROLLEY" NEAR NEW YORK.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

With that penetrative imagination which goes straight to the point, American intelligence seizes upon and applies the name of its essential part to the whole, and calls the prevailing system of electromotive transportation *the trolley*. The rapidity and completeness with which the public has availed itself of this means of transportation are astonishing when one recalls the statistics of street railways in the United States. As usual, New York was rather behind the impulsive West, where they don't mind lightning changes, and are willing to do experimenting for us; but now she is extending and perfecting electric roads in a remarkable way, and the social as well as economic effects are becoming noteworthy.

Before long, indeed, the relations between this new element in civilization and the state will have to be seriously considered, and perhaps a greater responsibility exacted; for, in place of the purely local administration of street cars heretofore known, a system of consolidated "traction companies" is arising, precisely as in the history of steam railways. A large part of the electric railroads now operated in the neighborhood of New York is the property of outsiders, who control similar corporations in various distant cities. That some communities perceive a possible peril, and are inclined to treat cautiously this new and impetuous claimant in municipal affairs, accounts for some gaps and shortages that look strange on the map.

Thus far the great saving in the construction and equipment of electric as compared with steam lines, especially in that they have not been obliged to purchase right of way or erect expensive stations and terminals, has benefited the public by cheapening local fares. Thus you may ride from Jersey City to Newark for ten cents, while the railroads charge fifteen; from New York to Mount Vernon or Yonkers for fifteen cents instead of thirty. But the gain is really greater than this, for by free transfers you may travel from the further side of the one town to the outer limits of the other for this money, whereas the steam railroads carry you only from station to station, and you must usually add five cents at each end for local car fare. Brooklyn, however, furnishes still more remarkable examples of cheap fares, since the rivalry of competing companies has there made it possible to ride an almost unlimited distance by a skilful use of transfer privileges. Regularly you may go from the East River ferries to Coney Island, Manhattan Beach, or Jamaica for five cents by any of several routes. A direct consequence of this is an increase of trade in the larger towns. The difference of ten or fifteen cents, added to the convenience of taking your car almost at your own door whenever you please, and riding nearly or quite to the door of your shop, will induce many a shopper to go into the city who has heretofore been content to do most of his buying at the village store. This is especially true of the women, who like the excitement of the journey.

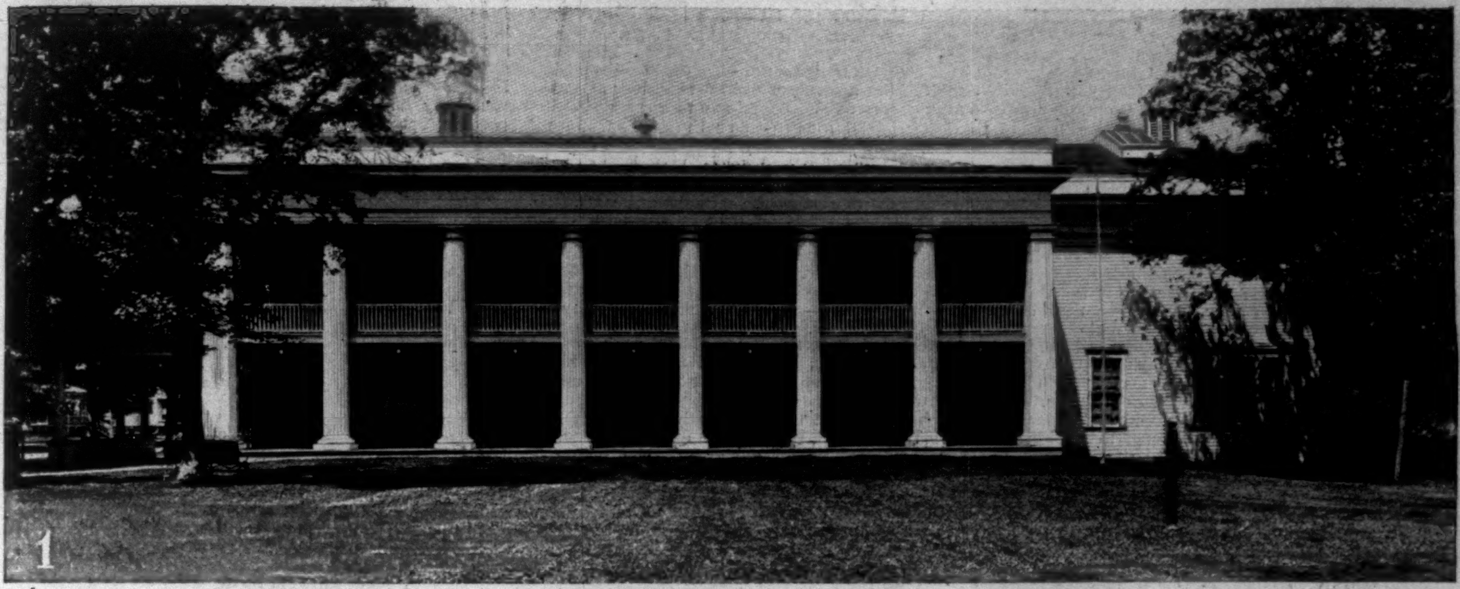
These facts and others like them—of which the convenience is perhaps the most important—are certainly affecting the local passenger business of the steam railroads; and yet not so seriously as would seem probable, since the trolleys seem to have created a new patronage of their own. Travel has been stimulated rather than diverted. Nevertheless, the steam railroads in this vicinity uniformly oppose trolley competition. Elsewhere, in some instances, they have not done so. It is no secret that the Pennsylvania Railroad is the real projector and owner of the new line from Washington to Alexandria and Mount Vernon. The Reading Railroad encouraged the construction of electric lines in its Pennsylvania territory on the ground that if they reduced the local passenger traffic, the company would be a gainer by enabling it to drop some accommodation trains and to keep its tracks freer for express and freight traffic; but it is reported that the directors now regret this complaisance.

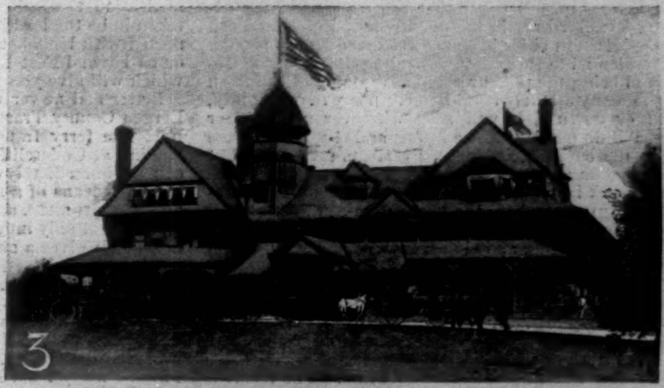
Some of the effects of the introduction of electric traction are too patent to need much comment. In the cities a greater consolidation of ownership has brought about the transfer system. A person can now live in the outskirts, and reach the centre of the city at a half or a third of his former outlay. This and the greater speed have built up parts of every city heretofore at a disadvantage, and have thus increased the value of out-of-the-way property, while at the same time the over-congested centres of large towns have been relieved.

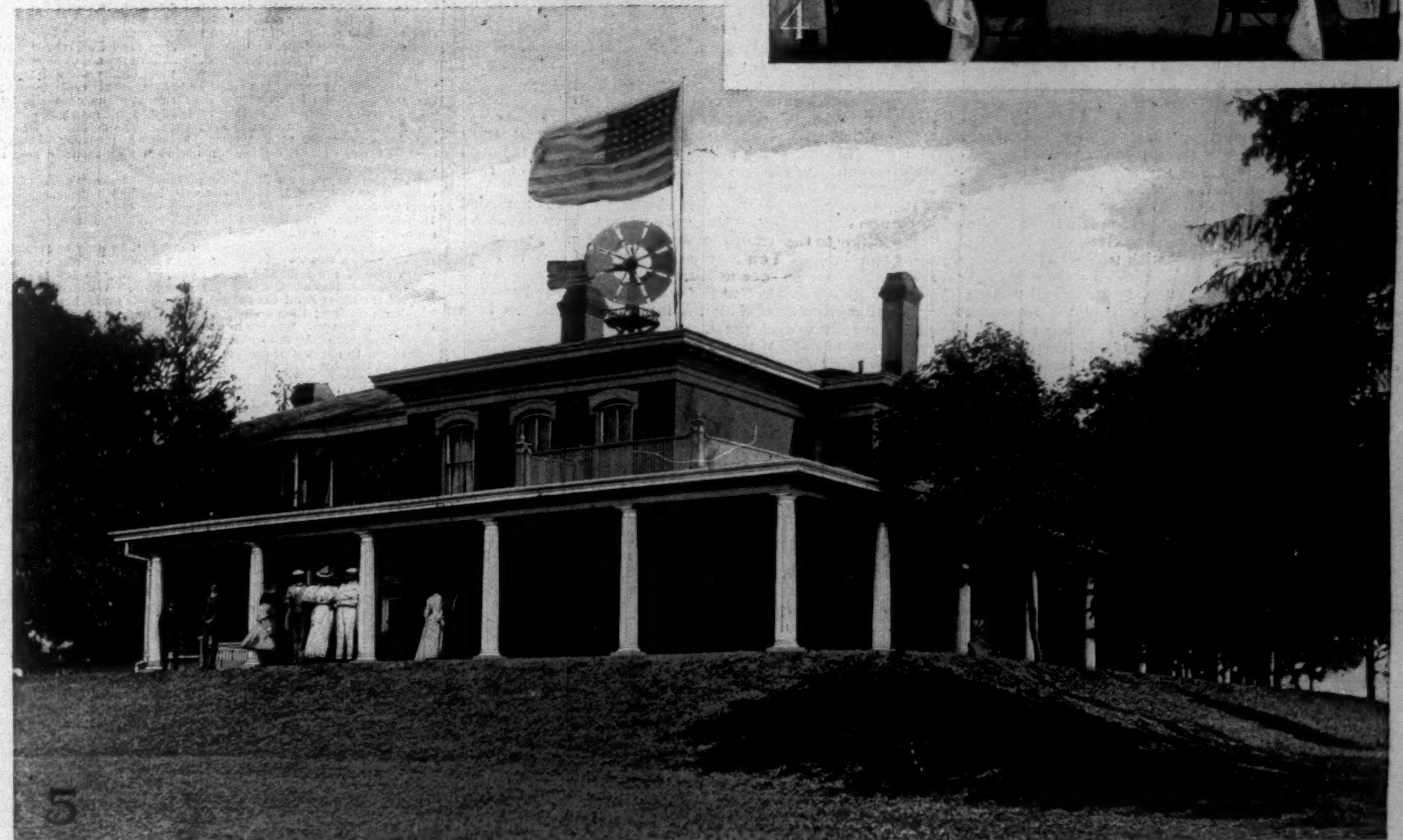
Another social benefit of great moment resulting from the extension into the suburbs of this form of rapid transit is the easy access thus provided to parks and rural pleasure-grounds, more of which are constantly arising to meet the demand. Hundreds of companies, in order to make business for their lines, have pushed their tracks out to some sea-beach, lake, river-side, or mountain nook, mineral springs or grove, one or the other of which is almost everywhere available in this varied country—have beautified the place, invented amusements, and provided refreshments according to the character of the patronage anticipated. Nothing but the trolley system, so far as yet known, would permit this sort of suburban exploita-

UNITED STATES ARMY UNIFORMS AND EQUIPMENTS.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 762.]

1. Infantry Full Dress. 2. Field-Artillery. 3. Signal Corps. 4. Trumpeter—Mounted Service, Full Dress. 5. Cavalry Officer, Full Dress. 6. Winter Dress with Hood. 7. Cavalry Pack. 8. Infantry Campaign Dress. 9. Infantry Heavy Marching Order. 10. Cavalry Campaign Dress.







COUNTRY CLUB LIFE IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—[See Page 761.]

1. Country Club, Evanston, Illinois. 2. The Onwentsia Club. 3. Washington Park Club. 4. Dining-Room, Chicago Golf Club, Wheaton, Illinois. 5. Chicago Golf Club, Wheaton, Illinois.

tion to be done as extensively and successfully as has been the case, particularly in the South and West.

Leaving to their stockholders the effect these enterprises have nad upon the traction companies, let us note what they have done for the general public. They have brought within the reach of the wage-earning population of almost all cities an opportunity to get out into the country, to obtain an hour or two of fresh air and healthful activity on the bare earth and in sight of green fields, which is refreshing and stimulating to both mind and body. In fact, so large a part of suburban trolley profit in warm weather is derived from passengers bound on pleasure trips, that some roads make special arrangements for such traffic. In many towns they have arranged round-trip routes, upon which you may take a long ride (in an open car) for the pleasure of it. In Atlanta, for example, the "nine-mile circuit" is a regular institution. In some cities they have what they call "trolley parties," where a group of persons will charter a car, ornament it with flowers, flags, or Chinese lanterns, and go riding for an evening all over the system of connecting lines. This form of "lark" is not despised by persons of consequence. In other Western cities certain cars, fitted with especially comfortable seats and arrangements, and marked "Private," are devoted to parties of business men, who travel exclusively in them, morning and evening, between their suburban homes and city offices. These features have not yet been seen in the metropolitan district, but there is no reason why they should not appear outside of the central crowd of streets. It will soon be possible to lay out delightful excursion routes in New Jersey, in Westchester County, and on Staten Island; and the special-car and private-car ideas might be adopted with advantage in many localities.

There is no question but that the ever-widening extension of trolley-lines in the neighborhood of New York and other Eastern cities is being welcomed by the people. The cars lend life to outlying hamlets, dull because isolated, and bring the pleasures and advantages of the town nearer to many a lonely rural home. They move rapidly, up hill or down dale, will stop wherever a passenger wishes, and do not follow the lowest and stupidest course through the country, as the heavy steam-cars must, but race away along winding country roads where the people live and work in their natural every-day manner (always worth seeing), and where the passengers can look abroad at the varied scenes presented, unhindered by hideous warehouses, factories, and slums, such as are likely to obstruct the view along the tracks of a steam line. The speed is not so great that you can see nothing, and there is little noise or dust, and a superfluity of ventilation. The fare is very low. A tired mother, or an invalid, or a brain-weary man who cannot afford to hire a carriage may now get the recreation and exercise of a long drive in the country at the cost of a few cents. The result is that many suburban lines are taxed to their utmost in summer, especially on Sundays and holidays, to provide for this pleasure-excursion traffic. One sees the dear old roads and lanes along the Bronx, up the Hackensack, out on Orange Mountain, down on the heights of Castleton, filled on pleasant Sunday afternoons with sauntering groups, happy and healthy in this new-found enjoyment. The mere fact that he can feel the soft earth under his feet and can bathe in the quiet of the country means a great deal to the man who paces all the week the city pavements and is half stunned by the roar of the town. That each person, and through him the community, is benefited by such an outing needs no proof.

With a wisdom scarcely to be expected of the City Fathers in New York, overhead trolley wires were prohibited on Manhattan Island, where (with a trifling exception on 138th Street) the only electric traction is by the underground trolley on Lenox Avenue. This has operated so well that the system is likely to be extended to some other lines. It is apparently superior in every way (except the cost of installation) to the overhead wire, and ought to be required in all crowded streets.

North of the Harlem, however, trolley-lines radiate through the more thickly settled parts of the city and into the country beyond, connecting with rural lines.

Yonkers and Mount Vernon have each a complete system of electric cars, connecting them with each other and with New York; and this is reaching northward to existing lines in White Plains, which will soon ramify to Tarrytown, New Rochelle, and Westchester, covering all that thickly settled and very interesting part of Westchester County with a net-work of lines, which it will be a pleasure to trace. On Long Island, Brooklyn, as a glance at the map shows, is "gridironed" with trolley tracks, some of which, like the long guys of a spider's web, radiate far into the suburbs. Few of them, however, offer much inducement to pleasure travellers, except as convenient routes to Coney Island, Bath Beach, Canarsie, or Manhattan Beach. The line out Jamaica Avenue to Richmond Hill, Jamaica, and Hollis offers a rather pleasant recreation on a warm day, as also does the line out Liberty Avenue to Hempstead, which (it is said) is to be continued to Rockaway.

Staten Island has recently blossomed out into electric railway lines that before the end of the present summer will offer many inducements to recreation-seekers. You may start at St. George and travel west along the shore to Howland Hook; but the Rapid Transit line is preferable. A more attractive trip is that from St. George down the coast of the Narrows to Fort Wadsworth. This line skirts the bay through the quaint shore streets of the old seaport towns of Tompkinsville, Clifton, and Rosebank to Fort Wadsworth, and is to go on to South Beach—a Coney-Island-like shore resort a mile further down. A ferry at Elizabethport will soon enable the managers to bring excursionists from Newark to South Beach for ten or fifteen cents. This opening of a cheap and continuous route to the immense working population of Newark and Elizabeth will be a great addition to their opportunities for out-of-door recreation, but how the Staten Island citizens will view it is another matter. A rival company, whose tracks are penetrating into the interior of the island, has purchased a tract on the bay shore, two miles south of South Beach, where a new picnic and bathing resort is rising, called Midland Beach. Coincident with these trolley extensions have come a general waking up of Staten Island and an activity in property, since many exceedingly desirable home sites are now for the first time accessible.

Northern New Jersey is covered with a net-work of electric railroads. One of the strangest things in the history of New York is the fact that the lofty and far-seeing western shore of the Hudson opposite New York city should have been so long neglected as a dwelling-place. These heights, ranging from two to five hundred feet in elevation, commanding not only the inspiring picture of the river, but a prospect clear across the city to the glistening waters of the Sound and to the blue undulations of Long Island, and catching the sweep of every cool breeze, would naturally have been chosen at the very first, one would think, for the homes of men of wealth. By this time there should have been miles of continuous private parks beautifying the ridge, and making the sight of the hills from the river superior to anything the rest of the country could ever hope to show. Why almost nothing of this sort has been done is a question for which there is no satisfactory reply. As far north as Shadyside—the old Bulls Ferry, above which Wayne fought his famous battle of the block-house—the shore is marred by ugly wharves and grimy factories. Beyond that an interesting old road leads along the water's edge to the beginning of the Palisades at Fort Lee; but fishermen's cabins are its only houses, and Fort Lee has been for many years a collection of third-rate beer-gardens. As for the heights above, it is enough to say that they are partly covered by West Hoboken, Weehawken, Union Hill, and Guttenburg.

The principal, though not all sufficient, reason for this state of things hitherto has been the lack of proper means of access. This the electric trolley system is now able to supply, since it is able to surmount the face of the ridge within the practicable limits of expense, and it will speedily bring about the regeneration of large parts of these beautiful uplands. Some time ago there was built a steam railroad from Weehawken ferry to the Guttenburg race-track. When the State suppressed that abominable institution this railroad lost its business. It was then taken in by the leading local street railway company, connected with Hoboken, and extended to Coytesville, a mile or so beyond Fort Lee, and converted into a trolley-line which will give you a ride right through the woods.

Better and newer than this, however, is the line of the Bergen County Traction Company. Having bought the Fort Lee ferry franchise, this company erected a new landing at Undercliff—or Pleasant Valley as it used to be called—immediately opposite 129th Street, built an electric road by means of a switchback right up the face of the rocky escarpment, and on over the Fort Lee Road. This climb is not only interesting as a piece of skilful engineering, but it gives a superb view of the city of New York, the hills and dales far above the Harlem, and the ever-magnificent river. At the top of the cliff the car makes its way for nearly two miles through a picturesque wooded region, which the company proposes to exploit as a residence "park." To this end very intelligent preparations are under way, and it is only ten cents and fifteen minutes away from New York.

This trolley-line, having got out of the woods, runs along the old Fort Lee Road by which Washington's defeated but not demoralized companies fled to Hackensack, pursued by Cornwallis, on that dreariest of November days in 1776, until it brings you out upon the brow of the Bergen Ridge, overlooking the valley of Overpeck Creek. Now this affords one of the loveliest rural pictures at any time of the year that the eye can look upon, and you will regret the speed that whirls you down into the elm-shaded streets of Leonia. Here, on Broad Avenue, the car turns north and makes its way to Englewood, one of the fairest and most fashionable of New Jersey's suburban towns. This company has been studying the map of Bergen County, and there is no telling where their lines may not penetrate by-and-by, but at present they limit their projections to a line across from Englewood to New Bridge (which, by-the-way, is a very old bridge, as students of the Revolution know), cutting straight through the country by an acquired right of way, and then down the right bank of the Hackensack River into Hackensack. This is to be met by a straight line along the Fort Lee Road from Leonia to Hackensack. When these are completed the route will challenge comparison for pleasure-riding, as a round trip, with any out of New York.

Hackensack has as yet no rails in her quaint and beautiful precincts, but a local system is projected, with extensions that will reach westward to Paterson and south to Rutherford, meeting a line which will give a through trolley route from Staten Island to Englewood, Fort Lee, or Paterson *viâ* Hackensack.

In Hoboken and Jersey City electricity has superseded horse and cable cars everywhere, and by only two changes it is possible to ride from Bergen Point to Fort Lee—about seventeen miles. You may go from Jersey City to Newark by two routes—one to the south along the Morris Canal (the Plank Road), and the other north of the Pennsylvania Road (the turnpike); the fare is ten cents, but both give transfers in each town.

Newark is filled with electric cars, which radiate from her "hub," at Broad and Market streets. Southward run lines to Elizabeth, where pleasant local rides may be taken and connection made with Staten Island routes. Doubtless a few years more will see this city connected with Plainfield and New Brunswick by electric roads, the latter following the old King's Highway (St. George's Avenue). Plainfield has trolley-cars, one line running out to Washington's Rock—a celebrated observation point on the Watchung Mountain. New Brunswick also has them, and is proposing to extend her lines to Amboy. In Rahway trolley-cars run along the central streets, and southward across the country to Woodbridge and Boynton Beach, at the mouth of Rahway River.

Westward from Newark lines run out to Irvington (to be continued to Springfield) and to South and West Orange. More interesting is the busier line to Orange, which runs out on the ancient country highway through Roseville, East Orange, Brick Church, Orange proper, and on to the top of the mountain at Eagle Rock—a route crowded with interesting features from end to end; for "all the Oranges" are worth seeing. Another very pleasant line northwest from Newark is that to Bloomfield, which has relics of the olden time in its streets and buildings that make it worth a pilgrimage. Whether this company shall be able soon to carry out its purpose to run on through Montclair and over the mountain by way of Great Notch to Little Falls remains to be seen; but for the sake of the pleasure-traveller it is to be hoped it may. Long and enjoyable round-trip excursions may be arranged by combining these lines, and the possibilities in this direction are rapidly increasing

Another set of trolley routes covers the Passaic Valley. One line runs from Hoboken out to the Paterson plank road across the meadows, and through Rutherford and Passaic to Paterson, where you may be transferred to local lines to all the near-by villages—the longest extension being that up the river to Little Falls and Singac. This is some six miles, and is the beginning of a line to the Pomptons, Boonton, and Morristown. Finally, a long and interesting electric-car route is that down the western side of the Passaic from Paterson to Newark, through Franklin, Belleville, and other pretty villages. Some very charming excursions may be made on these Passaic River routes.

Statistics of this great new industry are not yet available, but a rough estimate of the miles of trolley-lines now operated, or actually under construction and connected with each other, in the immediate neighborhood of New York, makes the total not less than five hundred miles, not counting the double tracks which most of them possess.

MEMORIES OF JAMES LENOX.

Every one knows that the founder of the Lenox Library was James Lenox, Presbyterian, philanthropist, and collector of books; son of Robert Lenox, Scotch merchant of New York. It is only sixteen years since James Lenox died. He lived eighty years in New York. His house on Fifth Avenue stands externally about as he left it. The great library, which was only one of his gifts to the people of New York, is about entering on a new phase of usefulness, which promises to make its founder's benefactions more appreciated and his name more generally honored than ever before. Every one knows who he was, but few of the younger generation in New York know even so much about him as to be aware how very little comparatively has ever been known. Henry Stevens told something about him in the "Recollections" he published in 1886, but Mr. Lenox eschewed society and publicity of all sorts so persistently, and lived in such confirmed seclusion, that personal reminiscences of him are as scarce as they are interesting. The following letter from William Matthews, the bookbinder, to an old friend, forms an entertaining addition to the meagre volume of personal recollections of him that remain:

"*March 20, 1895.*

"Dear Avery,—I fear my recollections of Mr. Lenox are too dim to be of much interest or use to you, but such as they are I will relate.

"My first personal acquaintance with Mr. Lenox, though I had done some binding for him before, was shortly after his purchase of the MS. of Washington's Farewell Address. He was very desirous to place copies with certain public libraries, both here and abroad. Mr. Walker had bound a number of the copies in cloth, and to me he came to have some special copies bound in Turkey morocco. It was the first sight of the man I had heard so much about, and his mild, open countenance and unostentatious manner formed at once in my mind the impression that he was a gentleman that deserved my highest respect and attention. Throughout my whole intercourse with him this impression was rather increased than diminished. He was precise in his directions, wanting the best full morocco binding, but plainness of finish, desiring a limit of time, but not of price. Regarding the latter he never bargained with me throughout our intercourse. During the binding of the Washington he called upon me several times, and when all were done, and, as appeared to me, he felt convinced that I was worthy to be trusted with his rarer literature, he made an appointment with me to call at his house on Fifth Avenue, corner of Twelfth Street, particularly directing me to be punctual and to go to the front door. I recollect I went to the house with great expectations. I was punctual to the minute. The maid who admitted me locked the front door, taking the key with her, and then locked the inner one, leaving me standing in the marble vestibule a prisoner. I recollect my sensation at the peculiarity of my situation. Mr. Lenox, however, soon came, transacted his business with me in the vestibule, and when through unlocked the outer door and let me go, I none the wiser as to the beautiful house and its treasures. At the next visit I was admitted to the hall, and ultimately, after many visits, to his splendid library.

"On his frequent visits to me at my office he had never conversed with me on any other subject, not even the state of the weather, but simply and directly of the special business he had in hand. I was in the habit of holding familiar conversations with my other patrons, but he never gave me the opportunity, and up to that time I had not assumed to familiarly address him. There was something in the direct business manner of the man that forbade it. But I recollect, on one of these occasions, as he was leaving my office, it was threatening rain. I said, 'I am astonished, Mr. Lenox, you do not come down in your carriage.' He turned and said, most kindly and quietly, to me: 'The reason I do not is that I dislike to trouble my coachman to harness up while the University line of cars runs so conveniently near your office. I have no objection to ride in the cars, save just now: ship-fever is very prevalent, and one is not sure who he is to sit alongside of.' This interview proved to me he was not consequentially reticent, but was open enough when occasion required, and also kindly considerate of others.

"On another occasion I had bound for him Roberts's *Holy Land* and other large volumes, in full morocco. I called at the house shortly after their delivery, desirous to learn if the binding was satisfactory. He having expressed that it was, and briefly this, I took the liberty to suggest, 'Mr. Lenox, you ought to have convenient cases to allow these large volumes to lie on their sides and be easy to consult.' He replied, 'Walk this way.' I followed him into the drawing-room on the north side of the hall, and there I saw, standing in the two corners, as handsome rosewood cases as I ever saw. Without speaking, he opened the outer solid doors; no books were even then seen, until he touched a spring; then a shelf fell easily, and rested with a handsome elephant folio upon it, ready in position for reference. By like springs, another and another folio in similar shelves followed, and I who had been bold to suggest wondered at and admired the perfection of the cases he was supplied with. The other case he showed me likewise, and that contained the larger set of Audubon. He turned to me and mildly asked, 'Can you suggest anything better?' Though the room was very large and handsome, the walls richly hung with paintings not to be seen elsewhere, I remember only these handsome book-cases. If I had asked to examine the paintings, I have no doubt he would have allowed me; in fact, my future intercourse with him learned me to discover that what has been considered by those who did not know him as selfish and exclusive was modesty to assume that he had aught that was worthy your attention. Boastfulness was abhorrent to his nature, and to guard against any charge of this he refrained from attracting attention to his treasures. There was a perfectness and completeness about all you saw in his possession. There was no overdoing, but every object of his desire was perfected.

"I will mention one more incident, which to me was the crowning of all the virtues the character of the man had impressed me with. I had at this time a young workman, who had been an apprentice with me, seriously sick, and applying for the privilege of entering some hospital. I knew Mr. Lenox was president of the Presbyterian Hospital, and I made bold to write him on the young man's behalf. I received an immediate reply, which, though granting my request, caused me deep regret. Though I have not been able to lay hands on the note, its expression was somewhat as follows:

"'I have been confined to my bed for two weeks, with a sickness that I fear will prove my last, but let your sick one present himself at the hospital to-morrow morning, and he will be immediately admitted.'

"In a day or two after, Mr. Lenox, my noble and generous patron, died. It seems to me now that Mr. Lenox early planned to live a life devoted to an object that he thought would be of benefit afterward to the higher intelligence of his fellow-man. He refrained from following what the rich multitude call pleasure, but devoted all his energies to cultivate a pleasure that others do not know how to enjoy.

"He lived a life to be honored and emulated. He was patriotic and religious, noble in character, retiring in disposition, and generous to all objects that met his approval.

"As we all knew, he was devoted to the collection of rare literature, but, what all do not know, he was proficient in knowledge of all he possessed.

"I feel, Avery, as you do, that his memory is not fully honored.

"Sincerely yours, Wm. Matthews."

THE HONG-KONG MEDAL.

BY W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

AT the age of thirty-five but one illusion remained to Henry Alderson, rich, single, and a member in good and regular standing of the Marion County Golf Club. It is hardly necessary to add that it was only in his capacity as a golfer that he lived again in the rose-colored atmosphere of youth, for after the third decade there is no other possible form of self-deception. And it is equally superfluous to remark that he was a very poor golfer, for it is only the duffers at the royal and ancient game who have any leisure for the exercise of the imagination; the medal-winners are obliged to confine their attention to hitting the ball clean and to keeping their eye in for short putts. It was for Henry Alderson and his kind to keep trade brisk for the ball and club makers, and to win phenomenal matches against the redoubtable *Col. Bogie*—a game which may be magnificent, but which is certainly not golf. Still, the diversion was unquestionably a harmless one, and served to keep him in the open air and from an over-close application to business. Moreover, it was absolutely certain that the secret of success lay well within his grasp. A few more days of practice, the final acquisition of that peculiar turn of the wrist, and then!—Henry Alderson took a fresh grip on the familiar lofting-iron that had deceived him so often, and topped another ball along the turf. Of course the delusion was a hopeless one, but he was happy in its possession; and if we who look on have become wiser in our day and generation, why, so much the worse for us.

It was a bright autumn morning, and Henry Alderson stood at the tee looking at the little red flag that marked the location of the tenth hole, two hundred and thirty yards away. He had done fairly well on the outgoing course, but this hole had always been a stumbling-block to him, and that dreadful double hazard, a scant hundred yards down the course, looked particularly savage on this particular morning. On the left lurked an enormous sand-pit, which was popularly known as the "Devil"; and the "Deep Sea," in the shape of an ice pond, was only a few yards to the right. Straight between them lay the path to glory, but for a "slice" or a "foozle" there remained only destruction and double figures.

Henry Alderson shuddered as he looked, and incontinently forgot all about "slow back." Crack! and the "gutty" had disappeared beneath the treacherous waters of the "Deep Sea." With painful deliberation he teed another ball and mentally added two to his score. The club-head swung back, and for one fatal instant his eye wandered from the ball. Bang! and it had gone to the "Devil." Without a word Mr. Alderson took his expensive collection of seventeen clubs from the hands of his caddie and descended into the bunker to meet the Evil One.

It was just fifteen minutes after eleven when Henry Alderson entered upon his ghostly conflict with all the Powers of Darkness. At twenty minutes of twelve the caddie, tired of inaction, crept cautiously to the edge of the bunker and looked in. His master held in his hand a costly patented "driver" that was alleged to be unbreakable. Placing one foot upon the head of the club, he kicked judiciously but with determination at the precise place where the "scare" is whipped to the shaft, and then carefully added the fragments to the heap of broken putters, cleeks, and brasseys that lay before him. The boy, who was wise in his generation, waited for no more, but fled to the club-house.

Henry Alderson came up out of the bunker, took half a dozen new balls from the pocket of his red coat, and deliberately flung them into the "Deep Sea." He then tore his score-card into bits, divested himself of cap and shoes, laid his watch and purse where they would readily be observed, and walked with a firm step to the border of the pond.

Suddenly a quickly moving shadow projected itself over his shoulder, and a cheerful albeit an unfamiliar voice hailed him. He turned and saw a stranger standing close beside him. The new-comer was an odd-looking personage dressed in a semi-clerical suit of rusty black, and carrying an old cotton umbrella and a well-stuffed carpet-bag. He had a keen-looking, smooth-shaven face, with piercing black eyes and an aggressive nose. His complexion was of a curious pallor, as though untouched by wind or sun, but there was nothing in his appearance to indicate either ill health or decrepitude.

"Possibly a colporteur," thought Henry Alderson. "At any rate, he's no golfer."

"How are you making out?" inquired the stranger, in a tone of polite interest.

It was on the tip of Henry Alderson's tongue to answer, "Fifty-five for nine holes" (his actual score being sixty-three), but at this awful moment, when all the solid realities of life were crumbling away beneath his feet, the lie seemed so small, so pitiful, so mean, and he replied, "Came out in forty-two, but then I lost a shot through having my ball lifted by a dog."

The stranger did not seem to be visibly impressed. "Pooh!" he said, airily; "I should hardly call that golf."

"Perhaps you play yourself," returned Alderson, with what he considered to be a sarcastic inflection.

"Not as a general thing, though I do a round or so occasionally," said the dark gentleman, placidly. Then opening his carpet-bag and taking out a golf-ball: "It's a very pretty drive from where we stand. If you will allow me."

He teed the ball, and with what seemed to be an almost contemptuous disregard of all rules for correct driving, swung against it the crook handle of his old cotton umbrella. Crack! and it went away like a rifle-bullet, close to the ground for one hundred and twenty yards, and then towering upward in the manner of a rocketing pigeon, caught the full strength of the breeze for a hundred yards of further carry, and dropped dead on the putting green. Henry Alderson gasped.

"Shall we walk on?" said the stranger.

It was a long putt on the green, but the umbrella was again equal to the occasion. Henry Alderson's eyes sparkled. This was an umbrella worth having.

"It makes no difference what kind of a club you use," said the gentleman in black, apparently reading his thoughts. "But with this particular make of ball you can accomplish any shot at will, no matter how difficult."

"I'd like to try that kind of ball," said Alderson, eagerly. "Can you give me the maker's address?"

"If you will accept this one, it is entirely at your service."

Henry Alderson stretched out his hand, and then as quickly withdrew it. He remembered now that when the obliging stranger had opened his bag it had appeared to be filled with what looked like legal papers—contracts perhaps—and there was a dreadful significance in the fact that all the signatures were in red. Of course it might have been red ink, and probably was, but it looked suspicious.

"If it's a question of signing my name to anything," he faltered, "I don't think that I can accept. I've made it a rule—er—never to go upon anybody's paper. It's—er—business, you know."

The stranger smiled indulgently. "You are quite right. Nevertheless, you need have no scruples about accepting my gift, for there is no obligation of any kind involved in the transaction.

Henry Alderson trembled, and looked furtively at the dark gentleman's feet, which, as he now observed, were encased in a pair of arctic galoches some four sizes too large. Clearly there was no definite information to be gained in that quarter; and as the field that they were in was used as a pasture for cattle, the presence of hoof-marks could mean nothing either way. There was nothing to do but to chance it, and he was not long in making up his mind. He took the ball and stowed it away in his pocket.

The stranger nodded approvingly. "I think that I may congratulate you in advance upon your success in winning the club handicap this afternoon."

"But suppose that I lose the ball?" said Alderson, with a sudden accession of doubtfulness.

"Impossible. If your caddie has been negligent, you have only to whistle, and the ball will keep on answering 'Here' until you come up with it. And, moreover, it is indestructible."

"It makes no difference what club I use?"

"None whatever. If you care to, you can drive that ball two hundred yards with a feather bolster."

"I shall endeavor to do so," laughed Alderson. "You won't—er—come and have a bite of luncheon with me?"

"Not to-day," said the stranger, politely. "But we shall probably meet again. Good luck to you, and may your success end only with the winning of the Hong-kong Medal!"

The two men bowed, and the dark gentleman walked off. He went to the edge of the "Devil" sand bunker, marched straight into it, and disappeared. Moved by a sudden impulse, Henry Alderson followed and looked in. There was nothing to be seen, but he thought that he detected a slight trace of sulphur in the air. However, one may be easily deceived in such matters.

As Henry Alderson trudged back to the club house it seemed as though the events of the last half-hour had been nothing more than the disordered fancies of a noon-day nightmare. But there was the ball in his hand, the tangible evidence of what had happened. And, after all, the bargain had been entirely in his favor. Whoever the dark gentleman may have been, and Henry Alderson shuddered as he reflected upon one unholy possibility, he was certainly no business man. The wonderful ball was in his, Henry Alderson's, possession, and his chances of eternal salvation were as good as ever.

"Somebody has been stupid," chuckled Mr. Alderson to himself as he entered the grill-room of the club and took up the luncheon card.

The handicap match had been put down for three o'clock. It was a monthly affair, and the winner had the proud distinction of wearing a silver cross for the following period of thirty days. It was a coveted honor, but of course not to be compared with the Hong-kong Medal, which was always played for at the end of the golfing year. No one knew why it was called the Hong-kong Medal, and it was certain that its donor had never in his life been out of the Middle States. But the appellation seemed to chime in with the somewhat fanciful phraseology that prevails in all things pertaining to golf, and it possessed a sonorous clang tint that was suggestive of tomtoms and barbaric victories.

It is needless to say that Henry Alderson invariably entered all the club competitions, and as invariably came out at the bottom of the list. And yet no one had worked harder to ensure success. He was absolutely saturated with the theory and literature of golf, and could rattle off the roster of open and amateur champions with the fluency of a prize Sunday-school scholar reciting the names of the kings of Judah and Israel. He neglected nothing in the way of precept or practice, and when the club champion got married he had even thought of following his example for its possible effect upon his game. But when he ventured to propose the expedient to Miss Kitty Crake he met with a decided rebuff.

"I shall never," said Miss Crake, "marry a man who is not on the scratch list. When you have won the Hong-kong Medal, why then we shall see."

Of course such an answer could be nothing less than the most absolute of refusals. Even in his wildest dreams he had never hoped to come in better than fourth in the monthly handicaps, and that too with an allowance of thirty-six strokes. It is true that there were other young ladies who might have accepted a less heroic standard of excellence than the winning of the Hong-kong, but Henry Alderson felt that the matrimonial experiment was not worth trying unless Kitty Crake could be induced to take part in it. And so there the matter rested.

When Mr. Alderson stepped to the teeing-ground that afternoon for his first drive he felt unaccountably cool and collected, in spite of the fact that Miss Crake stood in the very forefront of the "gallery." It was one hundred and seventy-seven yards to the first hole, and he usually "hooked" his ball into the "Punch-bowl" hollow at the left, or else feebly topped it along the ground in the one consuming desire to get away from the spectators. But to-day there should be another tale to tell. For an instant he thought of directing the magic ball to land upon the putting green dead at the hole, but he reflected that such a phenomenal stroke would undoubtedly be put down as a fluke. It was the part of wisdom to go quietly, and so he picked out a spot some twenty yards short of the green, but in good line, and affording a generous "lie."

As he lifted his club and swung through he was uncomfortably conscious of having transgressed at least eighteen out of the tweny-three cardinal precepts for correct driving, but already the ball was on its way, and, amidst a hearty burst of applause, led, as he could see, by Kitty Crake, it fell precisely as he had determined. A skilful approach laid him dead, and the hole was his in three. A subdued buzz ran around the circle of the "gallery," and everybody bent forward to watch his second drive across the "Punch-bowl." Straight over the yawning hollow flew the ball, and the crowd clapped again; but the play was now too far away to watch, and there were others ready to drive off. Henry Alderson disappeared in the direction of the "meadow" hole, and Miss Crake went to the club-house piazza to make tea. "Poor fellow," she thought, "his foozling will be all the worse when it does come."

It was a very successful tournament, and Henry Alderson won it by the creditable score of ninety net. He blushed as the President handed him the silver cross, but the spectators clapped vigorously; for he had always been a good fellow, albeit a bad golfer, and his victory was a popular one.

"Splendid!" said Miss Kitty Crake, and Henry Alderson ascended forthwith into the seventh heaven.

During the month that followed there were some tremendous surprises in store for the record-holders. Three days after the handicap Alderson did the course in eighty-two, thereby breaking the amateur record, and that same afternoon he tied the best professional score. The Green Committee promptly reduced him to the scratch list, and there was some informal talk of sending him to represent the club at the Shinnecock meeting. Montague, the holder of the Hong-kong Medal for two years running, was visibly uneasy. He began to spend more time on the links, and held surreptitious conversations with Alderson's favorite caddie.

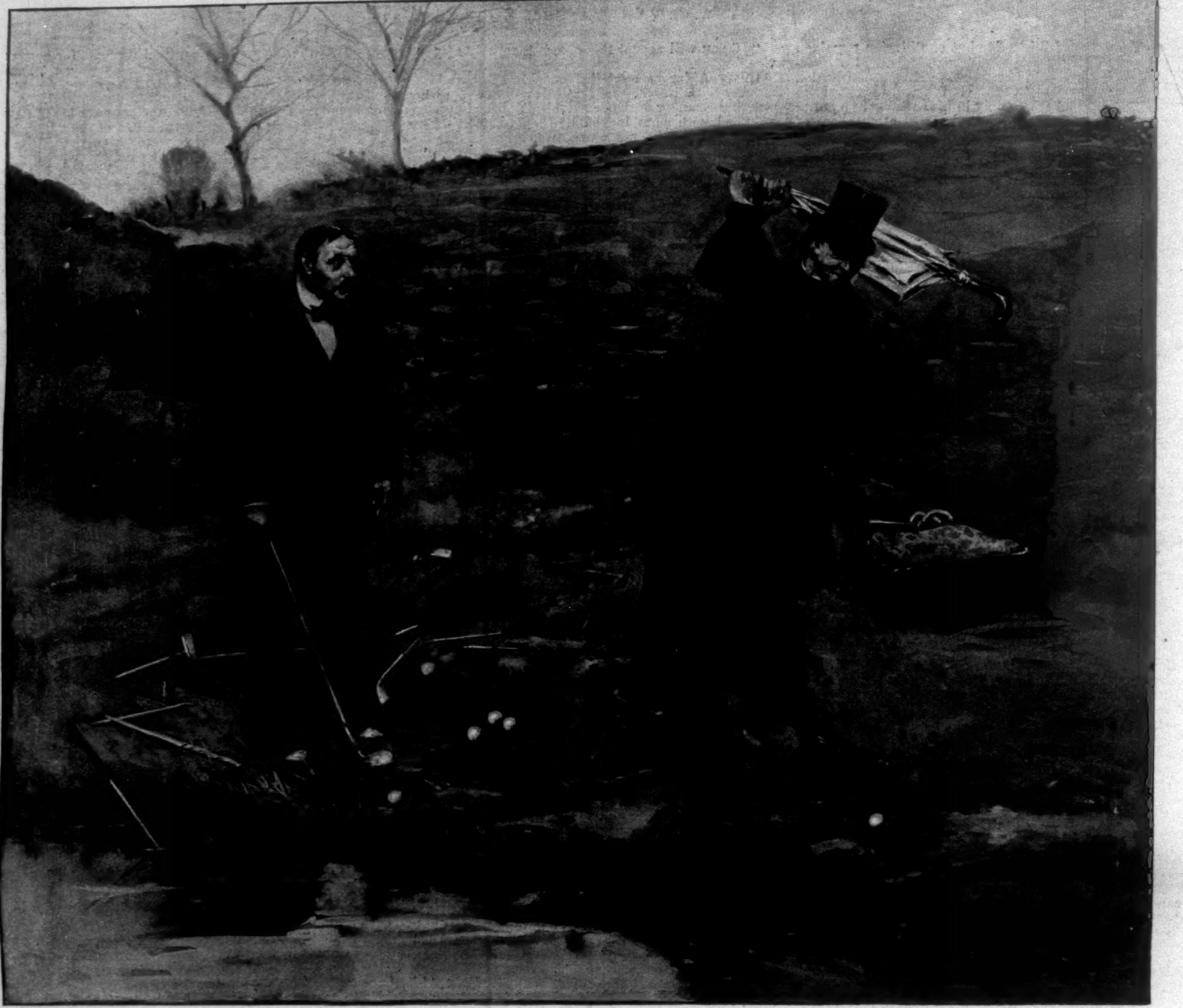
But there was a friend as well as an enemy to keep close watch upon Henry Alderson. There was a change in him that only Kitty Crake noticed at first—a change that both annoyed and alarmed her. The becoming modesty with which he had achieved his first successes had entirely disappeared. Almost imperceptibly he had grown self-sufficient and opinionated, and his attitude towards his fellow-players was at times little short of offensive. He seemed to take an insolent delight in openly flouting the hoary traditions of the game, and in giving the lie direct to each and every venerable truism incrusted in golfing lore. He invariably used a wrong grip; he played with a full swing for all distances, including the shortest of putts, and he never under any circumstances condescended to keep his eye upon the ball. It was maddening to his fellow-golfers, but his scores were a sufficient answer to all remonstrances. Indeed, it may be said that his steadily decreasing averages were beginning to cause the Green Committee considerable uneasiness. For a player to return cards of sixty-four and then fifty-six and then forty-nine seemed to argue unfavorably for the sporting character of the links. Such kind of play was plainly injuring the reputation of the club, and at least the Honorary Secretary was emboldened to hint as much. The very next day Henry Alderson returned a total of eighteen for the full round of holes, and handed it with a mocking smile to the Honorary Secretary himself. This was too much, and Henry Alderson was promptly summoned to appear before the outraged majesty of the Green Committee. But it all ended in smoke. No one could deny that extraordinary scores of a hole in one stroke had been made on several occasions, and in this case it was simply an established phenomenon multiplied by itself eighteen times. "And, gentlemen," concluded Henry Alderson, "I did it all with a wooden putter."

The Green Committee had nothing more to say, but they were plainly dissatisfied, and at once set about putting in some new hazards.

And yet—will it be believed?—Henry Alderson was not a happy man. Egotistical and arrogant as he had become, he yet could not fail to perceive that he had lost immensely in the esteem of his clubmates. Nobody cared to play a match with him; and although at first he had put it down to jealousy, he was gradually forced to admit to himself that the reason lay deeper. Worst of all, Kitty Crake was decidedly cool in her manner towards him. He could not understand it, for his golf was certainly above reproach, and he knew that nothing now could prevent him from winning the Hong-kong Medal. Once it was pinned upon his breast he would be in a position to demand an explanation and the fulfilment of her promise. There was still another reason for his wishing that the match was over. Strange as it may appear, the name of golf had become an abhorrence to him. And yet it was not so strange, after all, when one stops to consider. There is nothing so tiresome as perfection, and this especially applies to golf, as possessing an essentially feminine nature. It is the capriciousness, the inconstancy, of golf that makes it a folly so adorable, and Henry Alderson's game had arrived at a pitch of intolerable perfection. He had long ago discovered that the ball would not be a party to a poor shot. Goaded into fury by the monotonous consistency of his play, he had tried the experiment of ordering the ball into a bunker, or at least a bad lie. But the soulless piece of gutta-percha would have none of his foozling. It simply would not be denied, and after a few trials Henry Alderson resigned himself to his fate, comforting himself with the reflection that, having won the medal (and Kitty Crake), he would give up golf forever.

The day of the contest for the Hong-kong Medal had come at last, and all golfdom had assembled to see the battle. A round-robin protesting against the admission of Henry Alderson as a competitor had been presented to the Green Committee, but that autocratic body had decided to ignore the protest. "It will be better," said a wise man, "to let him win rather than to give him a handle for a grievance. Let him take the medal, and then we can settle upon some pretext to expel him from the club. Montague has had detectives on the case, and thinks he can prove that Alderson has been playing tennis within the last two months. That will be sufficient in the eyes of all true golfers."

As everybody had foreseen, the final round for the medal lay between Alderson and Montague. Just before time was called Alderson mustered up his courage and walked over to where Kitty Crake was standing. She did not raise her eyes as he approached, and he was obliged to speak twice before he could gain her attention.



"WITH WHAT SEEMED TO BE AN ALMOST CONTEMPTUOUS DISREGARD OF ALL RULES FOR CORRECT DRIVING, HE SWUNG AGAINST IT THE CROOK HANDLE OF HIS OLD COTTON UMBRELLA."

"I trust that I am to have the benefit of your good wishes," he said, meaningly.

She looked at him in frosty surprise.

"I don't think that they will help you much." And then, with cutting deliberation, "I devoutly wish that the Hong-kong Medal had never existed."

"Mr. Montague and Mr. Alderson," called out the referee. The two contestants came forward, and Kitty Crake ostentatiously turned her back as the play began.

In all the annals of the Marion County Golf Club a closer and more exciting match had never been played. Montague was certainly putting up the game of his life; and Alderson, while not showing any phenomenal work, was nevertheless returning a faultless score. Not a mistake had been made on either side, and at the end of the seventeenth hole honors were exactly even. But Montague was visibly breaking under the strain.

When Montague stepped forward to drive for the home hole it was plain that he was very nervous. Twice he tried to tee his ball, but his trembling fingers refused their office, and he was obliged to call upon a caddie for assistance. As he came up for the "address" he was deathly pale, and little beads of sweat were standing upon his forehead. The club swung back, and then descended upon the ball, but with a feeble, crooked blow that "sliced" it hopelessly into the bushes. A groan went up. Montague had "cracked," and the match was lost.

Up to this point Henry Alderson had played as though in a dream. At last he understood—those cold, stinging words of Kitty Crake could have but one meaning. *She did not wish him to win!* and it was only too plain that she had never loved him, and that she regretted her idle words about the winning of the medal and the promise that they implied. What was he to do?

One thing was certain: he had no chance, in any event, with Kitty Crake. Of course he might go on and win the medal, and then humiliate her by contemptuously refusing to press his claim; but the revenge was an unmanly one, and he could not bring himself to adopt it. Again, he might withdraw, and so give the match to Montague. He knew that the latter was desperately anxious to retain possession of the trophy. It was the pride, the joy, the treasure, of his otherwise empty life. The Montague infants had all cut their teeth upon the medal's firm and glittering edge. It was the family fetich; the one thing that distinguished them from the common herd of their neighbors, who lived in precisely the same pattern of suburban villa, but whose interest in life never rose above the discussion of village improvements or the election of a vestryman. Henry Alderson hesitated, and his heart grew soft within him. And yet to give it up after it had cost him so much!

"Oh yes, a fair enough player, but a trifle short in his driving."

It was Montague who spoke, and Henry Alderson felt instinctively that the remark referred to him. His cheeks burned as he heard the half-veiled insult that only a golfer can understand in its full significance, and he incontinently forgot all about his generous resolution to withdraw. He stepped up to the tee.

"I dare say I can reach the green in two," he said, carelessly.

The hole was some four hundred yards away, and Montague smiled sarcastically. His enemy was about to be delivered into his hands.

"I've done two hundred and forty yards of straight carry," continued Alderson.

"Hym!" coughed Montague.

"And I'd back myself to make it three hundred."

"Why not four?" said Montague.

"Six hundred, if you say so," returned Alderson, hotly.

"Or perhaps out of sight," sneered Montague.

"Off the earth," retorted Alderson.

Montague made no reply, but turned away to hide his satisfaction. Alderson was deliberately going to "press," and every student of the art of golf knows what that implies. But there is nothing more uncertain than a certainty—in golf.

Henry Alderson swung down upon the ball. Shades of St. Rule! but was there ever such a mighty drive? Three hundred yards away, and it was still rising into the blue ether. Another instant and it had passed entirely out of sight, lost in infinite space. The spectators gasped, and Montague turned livid. But stop a bit. Where *was* the ball? The referee looked puzzled, and the caddies stared open-mouthed into the sky. And then in a flash it dawned upon Henry Alderson that his boast had been literally made good. *He had driven his ball off the earth.*

For a moment his heart stood still. With the ball was gone his golfing reputation, and gone forever. Was there anything else for him in life? The answer came in another flash of inspiration. Now he was a free man; he could play golf again, his *own* game. Forgotten was the Hong-kong Medal; forgotten for the nonce was Kitty Crake herself. The fit was upon him—the Berserker rage of the true duffer. He turned to the referee.

"I acknowledge," he said, "the penalty for lost ball, and play a new one."

He teed a ball, an ordinary gutta-percha, and swinging down upon it, made the most bungling of "tops." A roar of laughter went up, and Henry Alderson joined in it the heartiest of all. He caught Kitty Crake's eye, and she was smiling too. Taking a brassey, he advanced for his second shot, and "missed the globe" twice running. But what a delightful sensation it was—this was something like golf!

Finally he succeeded in playing inside of Montague, who followed with a splendidly played iron shot out of the bushes. Alderson drove into a bunker, and noted, with an exquisite thrill of pleasure, that his ball had buried itself completely in the sand. It took him three to get out, and the crowd applauded. He "foozled" a shot into a clump of evergreens, and Kitty Crake clapped her hands. Montague made a phenomenal approach, and landed his ball dead at the hole. Alderson "hooked" one ball, "sliced" another, and banged a third into the flag, securing a lucky "rub." He missed two short putts, and then managed to hit Montague's ball, holing it, and leaving his own outside. The laughter of the "gallery" gods cleft the skies, and the referee stepped forward.

"Mr. Montague eighty strokes, Mr. Alderson ninety-six. Mr. Montague wins the tournament, and retains possession of the Hong-kong Medal."

Curiously enough, it seemed as though the applause that followed the announcement was intended for Alderson rather than for the victor. Men with whom he had not been on speaking terms for months crowded around him to shake his hand. From being the most unpopular man in the club he had suddenly become a hero. It was incomprehensible. Last of all came up Kitty Crake. The crowd had drifted away, and they were alone. Her eyes were wet and shining, and she held out her hand. He took it, trembling inwardly.

"Well," said she at length, "the match is over: have you nothing to say to me?"

"But—but I lost it," faltered Henry Alderson.

"Exactly; but you just managed to save yourself. You have evidently no idea how simply intolerable a champion at golf may be."

"Oh, Kitty—" he began; but they were already at the club-house.

After they were married he told her the whole story.

"But there is one thing I never understood," he concluded, thoughtfully. "If it really was the enemy of mankind, he certainly acted very stupidly in not getting my signature in the good old orthodox way. What had he to show for his side of the bargain?"

"Oh, that is plain enough," answered Mr. Alderson. "So long as pride continues to be one of the seven deadly sins—"

"Well?"

"Why, the devil is quite justified in feeling cocksure of a medal-winner at golf. Poor Mr. Montague!"

COUNTRY-CLUB LIFE IN CHICAGO.

It is not many years—perhaps ten, or at most fifteen—since the Chicagoan who indulged in out-of-door sports was looked upon by his fellow-citizens as a person unfit for serious consideration. In those days there was but one occupation—business; but one god—Mammon. Men went to their offices at eight, or even earlier, and remained at their desks until the closing hour; women were solely occupied with household affairs, and the minute dissection of their neighbor's business. Men were divided into two classes, the workers and the "loafers." The workers were thin, sallow-faced individuals, with the marks of premature old age upon their nervous faces; the "loafers" were whiskey-drinking, fast-horse-driving debauchees, whose lives were given over to vice, and who were naturally without the pales of society. The man who was courageous enough to wear good clothes and to go in for sport in even so mild a form as tennis was looked upon as weak-minded.

The only sports in those days were horse-racing and professional baseball, and the idea that a man could be a sportsman and at the same time a reputable member of society was not even admitted. But changes are rapid in the Western metropolis, and a change has come over the average Chicagoan's manner of living, so sudden in its conception, so far-reaching in its results, that one doubts whether the older inhabitants realize how rapidly their preconceived ideas are being swept away.

A business man is no longer driven to his office in a buggy by the "hired man": he actually drives himself, or even walks. Men no longer apologize for being met outside their offices before six o'clock; they fret when they are kept there to that distressing hour, and count the moments until they can get away to the country. There are of course many of the old stagers left, who refuse to be converted to the new creed of health and happiness, but the younger generation and many of the older have certainly discovered that there is something more in life than mere business, some places more attractive than the counting-room. The only danger now is that the other extreme may be reached.

The ubiquitous bicycle and the game of golf have undoubtedly been the potent charms which have lured the greater number of the older generation from their haunts, but the seeds of sedition were sown by the young men fresh from college, who fretted in the business harness, and longed for the country and the healthy sport to be had there.

Fifteen years ago a country club or a club for out-of-door sports was unknown in Chicago; five years ago the want had not been filled except in a meagre way; but to-day country clubs, golf clubs, cycle clubs, and every sort of a place for out-door sports are springing up so rapidly that it is impossible within the limit of this article even to enumerate them all.

In every movement so radical as the one under consideration there is always a pioneer, and that pioneer is unquestionably the Washington Park Club, so justly famous in the annals of the American turf. Founded eleven years ago by a few enthusiasts, the Washington Park Club immediately rose in popular favor. It was organized purely as a racing club, and its meetings, held annually in June, attracted enormous crowds. Only members and their guests were admitted to the club-house, and "Derby day," the opening of the season, at once became the great function of the year. Chicagoans who had never owned or driven a horse before the opening of this club vied with each other in the smartness of their turnouts, and the boulevard leading to Washington Park was crowded with every conceivable sort of trap, from the stately drag to the saucy pony-cart. This club was a new toy for Chicagoans. Until its opening society had been without a gathering-place, and it may be safely asserted that with the inauguration of the Washington Park Club Chicago laid aside the garb of an overgrown village and began to assume the aspect of a great city. Derby day was the occasion for the wearing of the smartest dresses and the driving of the newest traps, and probably no race-course in America has ever, from a purely social stand-point, attained the prominence of the Washington Park Club. The scene on the lawn before the club-house became almost comparable with the enclosure at Ascot or the lawn at Goodwood, while as many as fifty thousand spectators crowded the grand stand and paddock. But all Chicagoans did not look with favor upon this club; there were many of the older school who considered horse-racing an invention of the devil, and who refused to countenance it by their presence. However, in spite of such opposition the club prospered, and the house being open the entire year, it became the objective point for coaching parties in summer and sleighing parties in winter, so that after the six weeks' race-meeting was finished the club was by no means deserted.

Unfortunately for the Washington Park Club and the racing world, the country Solons in a recent Legislature saw fit to pass such legislation as to render racing in Illinois impossible for true sportsmen, so that the glories of Derby day are now but a memory, and the entire aspect of the club has changed.

About two years ago, however, a few of the younger men took up polo, and organized the Chicago Polo Club. The governors of the Washington Park Club, desiring some feature to attract the members to the club-house, made a very favorable proposition to the polo men. A capital field was prepared, and music and other attractions provided on match days, so a fair-sized gathering of members and ladies is usually present to watch the smart little ponies scamper over the green turf. The Chicago Polo Club last autumn, during the second season of its existence, captured a cup at Buffalo from several older and more experienced teams, and bids fair to become a formidable member of the Polo Association. But there is no hunt near Chicago, and but few horsemen, so the Polo Club has a hard fight for existence, and depends for its success upon the earnest efforts of some eight or ten ardent sportsmen.

Last summer the golf fever, sporadic for a few seasons, became epidemic, and the Washington Park Club has laid out a nine-hole course on its grounds, thus completing the metamorphosis of the former racing club into a full-fledged country club. The short distance of Washington Park from the centre of the city renders this club very easy of access, but, surrounded as it is by flats and tenement-houses undreamed-of when the club was organized, one feels that it lacks the true elements of a country club. There are no trees or water or rolling hills, and smoking chimneys and elevated railways are not the proper background for polo and golf.

The fact that the Chicagoan of to-day needs to get farther into the country, where clear air can be breathed and the smoke and coal-dust left behind, is so thoroughly recognized that within two years two clubs have been organized to fill this want, the Chicago Golf Club and the Onwentsia Club, situated at Wheaton and Lake Forest respectively.

The first golf course about Chicago was a private links laid out at Lake Forest in 1892, where a few enthusiasts played, much to the derision of the natives; but the first organized club was the Chicago Golf Club, playing in 1894 on the present Belmont course of the Illinois Club. That same season the Lake Forest Club took more definite form, and two team matches were played between the clubs, thus inaugurating golf as a sport in the West. Last spring the Chicago Golf Club purchased 200 acres of land at Wheaton, and laid out the first full-distance eighteen-hole course in the United States. An old farm-house was rebuilt to suit the purposes of a club-house, a restaurant was provided, and several features added to make the club popular; but a number of the original members, mostly old Scotch devotees of the game, feeling the increased expenditure beyond their means, remained at Belmont, and organized the Illinois Golf Club. Until last year the social features of golf were meagre, but with the removal of the Chicago Club to Wheaton and the opening of a small club-house at Lake Forest the matches of the two clubs became social functions. Men and women of all ages crowded the courses, professionals were imported from Scotland, numerous dinners and luncheons were given at both club-houses, and golf became the one topic of conversation in society. Tennis and the other games were forgotten, and even wheeling became a side issue.

The great superiority of golf as a game is its adaptability to people of all ages, and one familiar with old Chicago could not restrain a smile at seeing staid old citizens of the early days, gray-haired men of sixty or even seventy, struggling over the links on a sweltering July day, and bragging of their scores like the veriest youngsters. Women, too, who had probably never walked two consecutive miles in their lives, would play eighteen holes in a broiling sun, and point with pride to their well-tanned features. The golf widow was almost unknown, but the golf orphan became in the eyes of sallow-faced women who had not yet been converted a subject of solicitude, for many a mother was accused of neglecting her children for the fascination of the ancient and royal game. Golf was of course confined to a comparative few, for the membership in both clubs was limited, but they were the few who lead in such matters. The result is apparent, for this year the number of golf courses about Chicago has been increased to seven.

The present year has been one of unusual activity in the out-door world, and for the first time Chicago possesses a real country club, modelled after such institutions as the Westchester Country Club and the Essex County Club. Lake Forest, a northern suburb of Chicago, on the shore of Lake Michigan, some twenty-eight miles from the city, has for years been a resort for many of the older Chicago families during the summer months. The land is wooded and rolling, and a high bluff overlooks the lake, while numerous deep ravines add to the attractiveness of a country differing in every essential from the flat, treeless prairies to the west of Chicago. Numerous large country places have been built at Lake Forest, and the surrounding country is in many respects comparable with the Manchester shore near Boston. The success of the Lake Forest Golf Club was such as to warrant the founding of a far more ambitious organization, so last autumn a few enthusiasts devoted their energies to the organization of a club corporation, with a large capital, for the purchase of a suitable tract of land and the erection of a club-house. Fortunately an estate was on the market exactly suitable

A NEW DIVERTISEMENT FOR SUMMER—A TROLLEY-CAR EXCURSION.—Drawn by F. Cresson Schell.—[See Page 755.]

to the purpose, with 190 acres of land, a new house, readily convertible into a club, and stabling for thirty horses. The amount necessary for the purchase of this property was entirely raised in the form of stock subscription, and the Onwentsia Club is the result. This rather peculiar name is the Iroquois word for "country," so in plain English the Onwentsia Club is "the country club," and such it is intended to be.

A club without a debt is an anomaly, but when the doors of the Onwentsia Club were opened on the 1st of May the place had been purchased, the house furnished, a cottage for married members and their families built, and a large sum expended on the grounds, without incurring a dollar of indebtedness. The membership of 200 was full, and there was a waiting list, all of which shows the interest Chicagoans have taken in country sports. The Onwentsia Club has nineteen sleeping-rooms for members, in addition to those in the cottage; and all, except the rooms kept free for occasional visitors, have been let for the entire season, so that the club was a success from the commencement of its career. A golf course of nine holes, with as many more to be added when the work can be completed, tennis courts, badminton courts, trap-shooting, lawn bowls, and other attractions, are provided for members of the Onwentsia, as well as a club livery-stable, where excellent traps may be hired and horses boarded. A polo field, too, has been laid out, work on which will be commenced as soon as the eighteen-hole golf course is completed. The attendance has already been large enough to exceed the expectations of the governors. The plans for the season include golf and tennis tournaments, bicycle road races, trap-shooting, and other contests, as well as a weekly dance at the club-house. Mr. H. J. Whigham, the golf captain of the Onwentsia Club, has already added sporting laurels to the new organization by winning the amateur golf championship of the United States at the recent Shinnecock tournament.

The Onwentsia Club, however, is not alone in its efforts to attract Chicagoans to the country. The Chicago Golf Club found last year's quarters insufficient, and is now building an addition to its club-house, consisting mainly of sleeping-rooms, where members may pass the season or an occasional night or two. The Chicago Golf Club, as its name implies, is entirely devoted to golf, but it has an enthusiastic membership keenly interested in the sport, and Mr. Charles B. Macdonald, one of its members, held the amateur golf championship of the United States last year. The sport there is not confined to the men, however, as the golf widow at Wheaton, as well as at Lake Forest, is far rarer than the golf orphan. Ladies' matches between the two clubs were played last season, and are on the docket for this summer. It is needless to say that the rivalry is high. In fact, Chicago society is practically divided into partisans of Lake Forest and Wheaton.

But the Washington Park Club, the Onwentsia Club, and the Chicago Golf Club are not the only clubs about Chicago devoted to out-of-door sports. The Saddle and Cycle Club, the Kenwood Country Club, the Evanston Country Club, the Illinois and Riverside golf clubs, the Wanderers' Cricket Club, and others, are all institutions devoted to healthy sport. Unfortunately the limits of this article do not permit of a description of the aims and objects of so many clubs, so the many advantages of these other institutions are regretfully left unwritten.

That this recent development of a true sporting spirit among Chicagoans will prove of vast benefit to the people fortunate enough to spend a few afternoons a week in the country seems unquestionable. Men whose chief object in life was formerly the gathering of money, whose only recreation was taken in club cafés, now squabble over their golf scores and the make of their wheels, and forget, for a time at least, the stock-ticker and Board of Trade quotations. The women, too, are becoming stronger and healthier through the out-of-door life they are leading. There are fewer sallow complexions than formerly, more bright eyes and rosy cheeks, fewer pinched-in waists, and more broad shoulders and well-browned arms.

An era of honest sport has commenced, and through its influence Chicago society is becoming healthier and better. Money-grubbing and gossip are no longer the all-dominant pursuits of men and women.

H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR.

THE UNIFORM OF THE ARMY.

THE question of uniforms—and by this I mean the clothing and equipment of troops—is a matter of such importance from a military point of view that the civilian, even though long association with soldiers and some experience with their life in field and garrison may have given him a certain familiarity with their habits and ways of thought, must approach the subject with some distrust as to his ability to discuss it intelligently, and without the bias and prejudice of one not having the honor of wearing "army blue" himself. At the very outset I find myself confronted with a term—"army blue"—so fraught with traditions of the honor, patriotism, and courage of our soldiers that I may well hesitate to suggest the superiority of another color for the uniform of American troops. Nevertheless, I believe that in these days of smokeless powder and long-range arms of precision the so-called "cadet" gray is a better color, from its faculty of blending at a comparatively short distance with almost all surrounding objects, particularly for foot-troops, than the dark blue of the present uniform. Riding along the road at Garrisons, opposite West Point, one bright afternoon in late autumn, my attention was called to a long line of small white objects swinging in regular rhythm on the road leading down the face of the cliff to the railway station on the opposite side of the river, not very wide at this point, and I had to look very closely to discover that these white spots were the gloves on the hands of the cadets of the battalion, about three hundred strong, marching in column; and their gray uniforms so blended in the rocks and trees back of them that neither my two companions, officers of the post, nor myself would have noticed their presence there but for the conspicuous white flash of glove and cross-belt. Frederic Villiers, the English war correspondent, once told me of an incident that occurred to him in Afghanistan, where, riding with a small escort across country, they were suddenly startled by the appearance among the rocks of some red objects, seemingly quite a distance away, and it was not until a familiar English hail struck his ears that he discovered a picket of British infantry, their gray "Khakee" tunics melting so subtly into the background that the sunburnt faces of the men were the most conspicuous objects about them. Many a soldier who has served in the Western country will remember how difficult it has been at times to locate his Indian opponent, or even friendly scout, clothed in his dusty rags or gray blanket, mingling and blending with the tones of sage-brush, rock, or sand. For other than campaign uses the gray seems to me to be a good color, and the gray, black, and gold of the cadet—I am only referring to the color and not the pattern and cut of his uniform—would form a harmonious combination in an infantry uniform for all purposes. However, "army blue" is here to stay, no doubt, and I know of no finer or more soldierly type in any service than a lithe, active, well-set-up "regular" in his easy-fitting, comfortable, and thoroughly practical campaign dress, from the soft slouched felt hat down to the stout, well-made foot-wear; and for the purposes for which the dress is designed—a marching, camping, and fighting rig—there is probably no better field uniform in any army. In this dress, a few necessary spare articles packed in his blanket roll—for our infantryman has an unconquerable aversion to the knapsack—rations enough in his haversack, and plenty of ammunition, the American soldier will march and fight day in and day out, cheerfully enduring every hardship, showing an adaptability to his surroundings and an intelligence in the execution of the orders given him equalled by few and surpassed by no other soldier the world over.

Neatness in dress and person, and due regard for personal appearance, are characteristic of good soldiers, and I have little respect for the air of untidy "toughness" assumed at times by some of our volunteer military organizations, under the mistaken impression that they thus present a martial and "serviceable" appearance. Ceremonies and "functions" form an important part of the discipline and training of the army, and I believe that an appropriate dress for such occasions is a necessary part of the soldier's outfit. Excellent as is the campaign "rig" for general service, in itself alone it can hardly be considered a proper parade uniform, any more so than the working-clothes of the civilian form appropriate costume for all occasions of civil life. To my mind, however, the full-dress uniform of the army possesses many of the drawbacks and but little of the attractiveness of the dress of European armies, after which it is designed. In expressing this opinion I am confident of the acquiescence of many officers and men. The helmet, a heavy stiff felt abomination, is a mixture of German and English models, with none of the picturesque qualities of either, and is not a fit head-dress in the changeable climate of the United States, particularly when additionally weighted down by the horse-hair plumes and tawdry worsted cords of the mounted troops. The thickly padded dress-coat gives a foreign look to the American soldier, and possesses neither the jaunty nattiness of the British tunic nor the severe military air of the German garment. With the experience of the past few years, the changes in the conditions of the service brought about by the gradual concentration of troops nearer to the centres of population, it would seem that to design a uniform suitable for occasions of ceremony, which might be made much less costly than the present, and which would be as distinctly American as the campaign dress, should not be a very difficult problem to solve.

R. F. ZOGBAUM.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

IV.—A GROUP OF BRONZES FROM THE ROTUNDA.

ONE of the happiest details in the great work which has been going on within the walls of the Congressional Library at Washington is the scheme of plastic adornment applied to the central reading-room, or rotunda. Here the marble walls that rise to meet the stately lines of the dome do not wait for the beautiful painting in the latter to be their sole decorative adjunct. Between the piers which bear the dome, and just below that fine member of the design, there is a gallery that encircles the rotunda, and for this the admirable policy which has controlled the decoration of this building has secured a long procession of bronze statues, the list embracing many of the great figures of religion, philosophy, literature, science, and art. They look down upon the rotunda from the railing of the gallery, and while they recur at regular intervals, forming as symmetrical a scheme as the very pilasters and arches with which they are grouped, a sufficiently unconventional effect has been secured through the varied authorship of the collection.

It will be some time before all the bronzes of the rotunda are cast and in place, but the work is progressing with fair rapidity, and may be expected to be finished at the time set for the completion of the entire building. Four of the statues are shown on another page. They make a suggestive group. How far American sculpture has travelled, they seem to say, in the last few years! It is not necessary to go back to the Chamber of Horrors in the Capitol at Washington to see how inadequate the plastic portraiture of this country has been in the past. Turn to any public building or to any park and the result is invariably the same—a sense of discomfiture, a grievous conviction that the good sculpture of America has been in the hands of a very few men. A group of figures like those by Mr. Boyle, Mr. Donoghue, and the others, reminds us that this is changing. Ten years ago such an enterprise as that upon which they are engaged would have ended in a body of painfully mediocre statues. Now it is possible for an extensive series of ideal portraits to be erected in a government building without shocking the taste of the public and humiliating national pride.

It is not intended to write a panegyric of these productions in the Congressional Library. Only a few of them have been seen, as yet, and even of the four reproduced upon this occasion it is not possible to speak with unqualified admiration. Mr. Boyle's "Bacon," for example, does not seem to us the portrait that it ought to be. Dignified it certainly is, but there is a touch of the monumental in Bacon's character. Mr. Boyle misses this. Mr. Donoghue, too, does not strike as exact a balance between the majesty of St. Paul's nature and its more humanly truculent elements as we believe could be achieved in a plastic representation of the apostle. Mr. Dallin has not given enough distinction to his "Newton," and Mr. Bissell has overdone "the impressiveness of flowing robes" in his statue of Chancellor Kent. It will be seen that not one of the four works presented thus far is entirely right. On the other hand, observe the gulf that divides them from the typical old statue that was entirely wrong! Note the picturesqueness of the "Chancellor Kent" and the character expressed in the head; the fine severity of the "St. Paul," and its nobility, its thoughtfulness; see what a decorative if not wholly imposing personage Mr. Boyle's "Bacon" is; and do justice to Mr. Dallin as a designer and a modeller, even if his interpretation of Newton seems to do less than justice to the intellectual qualities of his theme. Observe, finally, the excellent technique which characterizes these statues, their individuality of style as compared with the average monumental work to which we have been accustomed in public buildings. There is the great point, that these sculptors, executing "occasional" work, producing in these portraits a row of decorations about which not one of them had probably been thinking until he was asked to "do a Newton" or to "do a Shakespeare" for the Library, have wrought in haste better things than their predecessors could have wrought in leisure.

Four of the statues to be placed about the Library rotunda provoke these conclusions. Will the remaining statues provoke other conclusions? It is unlikely. The quartet is representative. It is this kind of work that is getting itself done for public buildings nowadays, not the old kind, and it may safely be assumed that the Library will be embellished with statues similar in artistic value to those given in the illustration. The Library itself, as well as the generally improved condition of American sculpture, will be responsible for this. It has been erected in the right spirit, and it is being decorated with the liberality and good judgment that assure us of success in any national undertaking.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN MASSACHUSETTS.

A LETTER FROM BOSTON.

THE political situation in Massachusetts can hardly be called serious, because the result does not seem to be in doubt; unless there is a revolution in public sentiment between now and next November, the McKinley electors will be chosen by a substantial majority. But the situation is interesting, because there is a great readjusting of political relations. The case of Mr. George Fred. Williams is, of course, the most notorious. At the West he is supposed to represent the aristocracy and traditions of old-fashioned Boston, whereas, in fact, he is not a Bostonian by birth, or even by residence, for his home is in Dedham. He is said to be of German origin. Mr. Williams is a clever, energetic, quick-witted, good-looking man, an able lawyer, courageous and self-confident. He has always figured as a reformer. He left the Republican party when Blaine was nominated, and in the campaign which followed he made a speech at Portland, in which he denounced Mr. Blaine as a "liar." This was thought by some people to be in bad taste, and over-moderation is certainly not Mr. Williams's failing. His motives in becoming an adherent of free silver and in seeking the nomination as Vice-President, after he had been chosen by the Massachusetts Democrats as a gold-standard delegate to Chicago, are bad indeed—if we may credit his late associates. One of them, a prominent member of the Young Democracy, ascribes Mr. Williams's conversion, or perversion, to "his disgusting conceit and vanity." Mr. Sherman Hoar, United States Attorney for this district, declares that the meanest thing done by the free-silverites at Chicago was their refusal to pay Mr. Williams the thirty pieces of silver which he had justly earned. However, his motives are probably not so bad as they are represented. He is said by his friends to have "an emotional side to his nature"; he certainly lacks a sense of humor; and he has that unbounded confidence in his own good intentions which has led greater men than he astray. His speech at Faneuil Hall was quiet in tone, and it had the ring of what appeared to be sincerity. Mr. Williams is probably the dupe of his own ambition and of that "emotional side to his nature."

But what is his following? Who are the enthusiastic persons who furnished the barouche and the banners and the fireworks and the applause when Mr. Williams, in Faneuil Hall, gave an account of his stewardship at Chicago? They are largely of that nondescript element which elected General Butler Governor some ten or a dozen years ago. "Butler," as the Hartford *Times* remarks, "appealed to everybody who had failed in an effort to obtain an office, or any other desirable thing, and to all those who felt that 'the world was against them'—a class which obtains a large number of annual recruits in every community." Massachusetts has always been prolific in extremists of every kind—men prone to take up with any new idea which came to them in an unconventional form. On the platform in Faneuil Hall were many persons of this class, including several "agitators" whose names have been familiar for years to all newspaper readers. There was also, in its day, a considerable greenback party in Massachusetts, and those of its members who survive will doubtless support Williams—who, by-the-way, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination as Governor—and free silver. Among Massachusetts Democrats "in good and regular standing" there is a great difference of opinion as to what should be done. The Young Men's Democratic Club, founded by the late Governor Russell and others, an organization which leads the party, has declared against the Chicago platform and the Chicago nominees, but it is non-committal on the question of a third ticket. This is the attitude of almost all the leading men of the party, except that many of them are in favor of a bolting nomination by the gold Democrats. Dr. William Everett and Colonel T. W. Higginson are of this mind.

But a considerable number—perhaps, indeed, the larger number—of Democrats in Massachusetts will support Williams and free silver. Mr. P. Maguire, a man whose name is not even known to many citizens of Boston, but who is nevertheless the power behind the Democratic throne, a maker and unmaker of Mayors, has come out for the regular ticket, although he is not personally in favor of free silver. Now what P. Maguire says "goes," if we may use the slang of the day. The Boston *Globe*, the leading Democratic paper in the State, declared, on the morning after Bryan's nomination, that probably it should not support him, taking good care, however, warmly to commend Mr. Bryan's character and attainments. Since then the *Globe*

has said little or nothing on the subject, having confined its editorial utterances to such safe topics as "Cretans and Cubans," "Ship-building Progress," etc. The *Globe* is evidently waiting to see how the cat will jump. Meanwhile it has accumulated some valuable evidence upon this point, especially a series of interviews with all the members of the Democratic State Committee. Most of these men declare for Williams—and free silver. Many of them frankly say that they have not yet made up their minds, and they let fall some naïve admissions of their own lack of principle and backbone. One of them says, and oddly enough the *Globe* quotes his remark, "I am anxiously awaiting the *final* position of the *Globe* on this matter." His own position he defines as follows: "I believe there is wisdom in the multitude." Another conjectures that he "shall be influenced somewhat by the action of the great leaders of the party." All this means, of course, that the action of the Democratic rank and file in Massachusetts can only be guessed at.

One good result may probably be looked for from the campaign now beginning in Massachusetts, as elsewhere. The East and the West may get to understand each other in part at least. In a recent speech the Governor of Massachusetts declared that the present contest was one "between the pirates' flag and the stars and stripes." This surely is great nonsense. The honesty and sincerity of the Western delegates at Chicago impressed even the reporters of the convention. The West is not composed entirely of pirates, nor the East of rapacious money-lenders; and if the country becomes convinced of this fact the free-silver campaign, with all its attendant misfortunes, will not have been made in vain. H. C. M.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

A NUMBER of circumstances have recently combined to draw attention to the most remote district in Cuba—to that eastern province in which the familiar geographical names are Santiago de Cuba, Guantanamo, and Bayamo. There, two months ago, Garcia and José Maceo and Jesus Rabí, with several minor insurgent leaders, were together; and it was reported that the danger threatened by their mutual distrust and jealousy had been averted through José Maceo's submission to Garcia, as his ranking officer. A little later Garcia was said to be advancing towards the west, to join Gómez, and it was understood that, soon after his forces had been added to those of the general-in-chief, an attack would be made upon the Spanish Trocha. Meanwhile José Maceo and Rabí, left behind and in command of several thousand men (the most favorable estimate credits this oriental army with eight thousand, good, bad, and indifferent), with a scant supply of ammunition, let themselves be heard from quite creditably. Some of their exploits on the Cauto River were noticed in the last issue of the WEEKLY. Still more recently sensational accounts of José Maceo's death have been published in many newspapers, and it has been intimated that this calamity to the insurgent cause was directly due to dissensions which had broken out among the rival leaders. At the time of the present writing (July 23) the members of the Cuban Junta in New York assert that this story is an invention of the Spanish press. Such an important event, they argue, would certainly have been made known to them through their regular channels of communication; and as their correspondents have not mentioned it, they are still at liberty to hold that "no news is good news."

In a word, these enthusiastic partisans refuse to believe that José Maceo is dead, and they insist that the discipline of their army is good, while its organization and equipment improve from month to month. They refuse to believe stories of obvious disaster. They will consent to believe, however, that their very beautiful and very rich island is about to conquer independence of Spain, and then to pass quickly into the keeping of the United States, or, more practically, into the keeping of a Cuban syndicate of American capitalists. Their ideal, being interpreted, is no better than this: that they should pass from oppression to extinction. And the price of extinction is warfare with its ugliest details paraded. We have had a surfeit of Weyler atrocities, but it will be a new disclosure, I think, when it becomes known that quite recently an invading column, after suffering repulse, abandoned its supplies in camp; and that all the tinned meats were forthwith destroyed by the captors, who thought it probable that, in anticipation of defeat, this food *had been poisoned*. Evil to him who evil thinks: it is almost as bad to suspect such a thing as to do it. For those who advanced, as for those who retreated, this incident is tinned infamy.

The photograph reproduced on page 749 of this number of the WEEKLY shows a bit of landscape in that portion—the eastern end—of the island which, as Martinez informed us, is so overrun by insurgent bands that the Spaniards keep within their forts and fortified towns, or venture forth only in strong columns. In our illustration a "convoy," as the phrase is—a quantity of ammunition and supplies under military escort—which is being transported in ox carts from one Spanish stronghold to another, is caught amid-stream, and a faithful impression conveyed (not so very far, for even the eastern end of Cuba is near) from Guantanamo to New York. One of the horsemen in the first line wears the uniform of the Guardia Civil. MARRION WILCOX.

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A LITTLE TALK ON FINANCE.

Query by Ye Farmer.

WHAT'S a-goin' to happen in that comin' happy day
When the bloomin' silverites have gone and had their way?
When the Gold-Bug's ruined and we've Silver-Bugs to pay?
What's a-goin' to happen then, ye Prophets, tell us, pray?

What's to save the people from the Western Silver-Bugs
Cornerin' the market and a-puttin' on *their* lugs,
Lendin' us their silver, and expectin' us to pay
Back our debts in silver coin? Then what's to happen, eh?

Answer by Ye Silverite.

What's to happen? What's to happen in the coming day?
This—come hither, brother, bend your waiting ear this way:
When the Silver-Bug has got you, lying poor and flat,
Then we'll find some cheaper cash, and whoop it up for that.

After silver's had its run we're going in for brass.
When the Brass-Bug's got you down, we'll build a boom for grass.
When the Grass-Bug catches you, what's to happen, eh?
Then, you poor old sufferer! we'll come out strong for hay.

Why should hay not pass for cash? Pray why may not the law
Give a legal-tender value to a bale of straw?
Hay and straw came from the earth—ay, just as much as gold,
And in greater quantities by several thousandfold!

That's the vital point, my friend, that is the worst of gold—
Other things are made these days in so much greaterfold.
Why should law force any man who's hopelessly in debt
Into settling up his bills with stuff that's hard to get,

When we've countless other things, like sticks and stones and sand,
Lying all about us in this truly fertile land—
Things with which by certain laws, inviolate and stern,
All could live in opulence, no matter what they earn?

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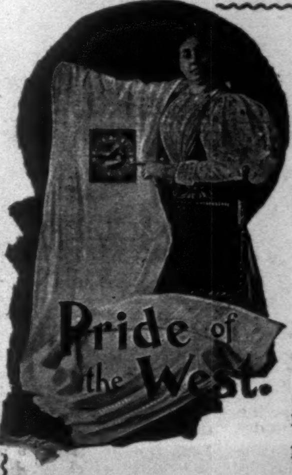

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FINISH OF THE LEANDER-YALE RACE FOR THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP AT HENLEY, JULY 7, 1896.

WHAT YALE LEARNED AT HENLEY.

The visit of the Yale crew to England cannot be measured in results simply by the outcome of the one race rowed in the heats for the Grand Challenge Cup. Leander's victory was hard won, but it was decisive, and both the Yale crew men and Bob Cook have sought to find the fundamental reasons for the superiority of English rowing, instead of marshalling the excuses which might be made to explain in some measure the defeat of the New Haven blue. There is no doubt, in the first place, that these Englishmen are past masters of the art of rowing, and Yale freely acknowledges that she has learned much and has much left to learn. Nor has this knowledge been too dearly bought. Honorable defeat is no disgrace, and the splendid impression made by the Yale crew as sportsmen and athletes, the welcome given them on every hand, and the universal sympathy shown by their conquerors will work great good for Yale University, as well as in bettering the relations between the sportsmen of the two countries.

The Leander-Yale race in itself has been described. In its right proportion to the discussion of this rowing pilgrimage the race was only an episode, an object-lesson. Yale rowed as fast as Leander for a bit over half a mile. With an eight composed of men remarkably strong, plucky, and in good physical condition, averaging nearly ten pounds more in weight than her rivals, Yale was unable to respond to the need for a higher stroke and a punishing spurt, while Leander pulled away inch by inch. Yale was in the race at half a mile, and a hundred yards further she was whipped. The Englishmen were older and vastly more experienced, and they were the best crew that has rowed at Henley in many years. Yet this is not why they were able to stay in the last half of a mile-and-a-third course when Yale weakened. These American youngsters had the endurance and wind for the distance just as much as the Leander veterans. Schooled in four-mile races at New London, where the stroke has been carried at thirty-eight for the first mile more than once, Yale could not hold forty per minute with her best effectiveness for one mile on the Henley course.

This race demonstrated unmistakably that the Yale oar blades are too wide for a sprinting race. This is a truth whose importance will not be appreciated at first sight by those who have not followed the work of the Yale and the English crews on the Thames. A difference of one or two inches in the width of an oar blade does not seem to the uninitiated important enough to revolutionize a settled system of rowing. But the whole difference between the Yale and the Oxford strokes rests at bottom upon this extra bit of spruce. Twenty years ago the Britons were using wide blades, and their swing was shorter than now.

The Englishmen have discovered that the strain and pressure upon oarsmen pulling wide blades in short punishing races are too severe to be carried through to the end. With their oars narrowed, the men can pull a longer stroke and use a longer stick, getting increased leverage. Every English coach at Henley has told me that the chief cause of Yale's defeat was these wide blades. Bob Cook believes this thoroughly. He had made a set of English oars with blades an inch narrower than those his crew was using, but there was not time for the men to accustom themselves to the change. The British oars were balanced differently, and felt awkward. The ease with which they tore through the water was surprising and disturbing. Even Cook did not realize what English oars might have done until Leander had pulled home a length and a quarter ahead of the Yale eight. Yale has been brought up to date by this expedition, and the things which have been proved wrong will be thrown overboard without foolish fear that in so doing there is disloyalty to the university and its traditions. That a Yale crew, picked from a university where rowing is not looked upon as sport, but only as hard work, where less than one per cent. of the student body takes the slightest interest in rowing, where not a man comes to college with any right idea about rowing, that this crew can come to England and make a grand race with an eight picked from the Oxford and Cambridge crews of a dozen years, shows that we have the men, and we have just missed having the knowledge, to beat the world.

To row a short race with only the schooling of four-mile contests for the last quarter of a century meant that much experimenting must be done. This set the crew back in the training at New Haven. There have been better crews at Yale—crews which rowed more harmoniously, with far greater adaptability. Such were the eights of ninety-five, ninety-two, and eighty-eight. There was no end of trouble with the new racing-shell, whose rigging was all wrong, through a mistake made at New Haven. Two days of the last week of practice were lost in getting this boat in shape for use. The Yale crew landed fit, and they staid fit until their work was done. They were handled with skill and intelligence, and faced the umpire in their start with Leander as lusty an eight as ever caught the water at New London.

The defeat of Yale at Henley means that next year will see changes in the rigging and oars of the Yale shell, whether the crew goes to England or not. It is probable that narrower blades will be used for four-mile races as well as for short distances. The theory of the Yale stroke is absolutely correct for wide blades. The shorter swing than that of the Englishmen is necessary with our oars, and the shorter length of stick and lessened leverage are the results of the use of our blades. It is not at all likely that a Yale crew will reach as far forward or swing as far back as the English oarsmen, whatever changes may be made in the rigging. Mr. Cook and all the other Yale coaches believe that the waste of energy on this long swing wears out the men without added gain in mechanical advantage. The blade gets its greatest power when within only a few degrees forward and back of the rowlock, or at right angles to the boat. Lying flat on the finish punishes the stomach muscles severely and hurries the beginning of the recover, while the blade is at such an angle that its work does little in driving the shell ahead. This truth has not been shaken by defeat. In smartness and neatness of starting the recover, Yale showed herself much superior to the English crews, and her beautiful body form was frankly acknowledged by the English coaches to be away ahead of their oarsmen.

The uniformity of the Yale crew in rowing together like a piece of machinery made a strong impression at Henley; not another crew on the river approached them as regards form. Some of the best English oarsmen, Guy Nickalls among them, say that hard work will always beat form, and that where form is, hard work is not. But if a Yale crew can ever get hold of the tremendous drive through the water which these men are masters of, and can also hold her beautiful body form, she will be able to beat any set of men rowing. For form is simply using the body to its best advantage, and keeping it in a position for its most effective work. It is the complement, not the hindrance, to hard work. This drive through the water was the greatest thing in the English stroke to the Yale men. When those Leander and New College men were tired they swung all over the boat, and their body-work was apparently all out of gear. But no matter how much the bodies slumped around, the blades drove straight and true every stroke, because these men were watermen, every one of them, and they could not help taking the water right, and leaving it in a way which only a few Yale oarsmen have ever learned to do.

It is impossible to say where the influence of these narrow English oars will stop if they are adopted by Yale. For with our wider blades discarded, it becomes possible to use oars six inches longer, and thereby necessary to seat the men on the sides of the shell, instead of over the keel along the middle. It seems possible that the Yale stroke and rigging, which have won for the blue victories year in and year out, will be materially changed within the next year if Bob Cook directs the policy of Yale rowing.

The Englishmen have taught Yale that a mighty swing and a drive that bites the water from catch to finish make boats go fast, and all other things are secondary. This nation of watermen by instinct has worked out its rowing principles slowly, testing each feature in hard competition at every distance. Yale rowing has been built up on sound principles also, and the Yale stroke is a splendid achievement to have wrought out when one realizes what it has done for Yale athletics.

Future Yale crews will put more desperation and less prettiness in their rowing. The Leander stroke was long even when the pace was pushed above forty per minute, while Yale could not keep it long at this rate. The higher the stroke, the greater handicap were these wide blades. At a twenty-six or a twenty-eight stroke Yale would probably have beaten Leander out easily, for the magnificent strength of the Americans would have pulled it through effectively every inch of the course.

The English climate creates a perpetual thirst, the Yale men found, and they drank nearly twice as much oatmeal-water and ale as at home. The Cornell men in 1895 were not allowed liquids, except in exasperatingly small quantities, and their going stale was mainly caused by Courtney's disregard of climatic effects. The trip agreed with all the Yale men, and they will go home better for it, and glad that they rowed at Henley. Ralph W. Paine.

Marsh Mill House, Henley-on-Thames, *July 11, 1896.*

AMATEUR SPORT

THE VALUE OF AMATEUR SPORT as recreation, or as a factor in attaining *mens sana in corpore sano*, depends absolutely upon its healthfulness. Even as the ethics of the college, the club, or the individual athlete must be above suspicion, so the ultimate success of any branch of amateur sport, its degree of usefulness, and its measure of pleasure-giving, all rest upon the game being kept above reproach.

When I contrast the amateur baseball of ten years ago with that maintained to-day by clubs, athletic and otherwise, I feel as though its greatly increased popularity had been neutralized by the lower ethical standard. Ten years is not such a very long period in the history of so long-lived a game as baseball, but it has been long enough to completely change the type of spectators at the professional games, to professionalize more than half the amateur clubs, and even here and there to taint an occasional university nine.

Years ago, before the professional league players developed contumely for public support, and contempt for sporting canons, and before the revelations of "fixed" games, their contests attracted the best class of sportsmen. Now of that class only a few enthusiastics continue in attendance. Only seven years ago we had good amateur baseball around New York—an association and a most interesting series of games. But that was when clubs had sportsmen on the Board of Governors, and before the days of the "summer-nine" player.

THE CLUBS — THE AMATEUR CLUBS — save the mark! are answerable for the degeneration of amateur baseball. They began, first surreptitiously and afterwards openly, paying the pitchers, then the catchers; later on especially clever basemen were paid, one way and another. The few remaining men on the nines—who played for the love of the game—disliked classification with hirelings, and retired in disgust. Thus ended amateur baseball hereabouts. In its stead has come baseball which is professional in all but name. The clubs, many of them—most of them, indeed—try to get their players for "expenses," which is interpreted with generous comprehension; and when they cannot be had so cheap, five to ten dollars a game is given.

The clubs started the "summer-nine" player on his predatory career, and the colleges aided the movement by failing to instantly put him under the ban of athletic law. All the larger Eastern colleges, save Brown, have now legislated against this athletic parasite, but not until he has helped kill club amateur ball, and befouled many a college and prep. school team.

Princeton has gone further than the others in its legislation against the summer-nine rounder, by the issuance of a warning to all prep. school players of their coming within the meaning of the prohibition.

SOME DAY NOT VERY FAR HENCE I expect to see an end of this masquerading professionalism. Some day when the treasuries of the clubs have been drained. Not before. Unfortunately most reform comes of necessity rather than from inclination. So long as the desirable end is reached, it does not much matter—to the cause. But it must cover with mortification those that have sinned for profit, and discover, after a life of uncleanliness, their gain to be less than in the honest decent life they forsook. And yet the future rectitude of such a penitent can be depended on. He who recoils from unwholesome indulgence merely because he has found by bitter experience it does not pay, is not the highest type of man; but his contrition is most earnest. None of the clubs that have maintained "amateur" nines this season have bettered their financial condition; most of them have suffered considerable loss, and some are on the verge of insolvency. So at last we shall have, I am sure, an end of the present era of unclean baseball, which, if not having purified the ethics of club governors, college-athletic advisors, and players, has at least furnished incontrovertible evidence of the truth of "honesty being the best policy."

I OFTEN WONDER how the fathers of these rotating "summer-nine" players excuse themselves for the complacency with which they view the athletic dishonesty of their boys. I wish one of them would write me personally. I have a genuine desire to know the refuge in which they seek comfort. Fancy, under the guise of an amateur, one's giving one's athletic skill for board and lodging! It is infinitely more honorable, if other means of support are lacking, openly to accept cash, and let the world know that if a professional, at least you are an honest one.

THE EASTERN COLLEGE FACULTIES of the larger institutions have united in legislation against the "summer-nine" player, but vigilance must not be relaxed if effective results are to follow. It will not be sufficient if only the rules are spread on the records, and baseball men offend this summer, as hitherto, with impunity. Not only should a "summer-resort-nine" player be debarred from the nine, but from all athletic teams of his college. We shall watch the course of our university athletic sponsors with great interest.

MEANWHILE LET US HAVE A LOOK at the disposition of the college players. Paine, Haughton, Chandler, and Scannell of the Harvard nine, I am told, are playing on the Newton Athletic Club team, directly contrary to the expressed wish of their captain, Dean. This Newton Club last year and the first of this paid its pitcher, and the natural inference is that Paine is being paid also. One is judged by one's company. If a college athlete joins a team that pays its men, there is all justice in classing him as a hireling. We regret the departure from amateur baseball of such men as Paine and Haughton. Harvard cannot play these men next year and retain our confidence in her intention to keep her nine free of all taint.

Several of Brown's men are on summer nines, but Brown has no rule to the contrary, and is therefore not so grave an offender against the ethics of amateur sport as Harvard, which has.

Letton and Jerrams of Yale are to play on the All-University nine which Nichols, the Chicago University pitcher, has organized, and that will tour the Western resorts. These men also are lost to Yale athletics.

OF THE WESTERN PLAYERS, Bloomingston and Lowney (already disqualified) and Kinmond of Michigan University are playing on the Flint nine, an unattached Michigan State team of unenviable notoriety. Watkins, Michigan University's pitcher, played formerly with the Traverse City Hustlers (which this year has become openly professional), but has "signed" elsewhere, although he has been engaged for some games with the Hustlers. McKinnie, also Michigan University, is playing professional ball, so it is said, on the Pacific slope.

The Chicago All-University nine is managed and captained by pitcher Nichols. The names included in this list that must be ostracized by all colleges with consideration for their ethical standard are: —. Clarke and Brown, pitchers; Jones and Pike, catchers; G. Clarke and Winston, in-fielders—all of Chicago University; McCormick of Dartmouth, Letton and Jerrams of Yale, Darby of Grinnell, Dewey of Williams, and Herring of Bucknall. All these men will debar themselves from amateur teams by joining this personally conducted summer baseball excursion. Runkel of Wisconsin declared his intention of playing professional ball as a means of support, and very likely is doing so, though I have not heard where.

THERE IS NO ORGANIZATION in the West to hold clubs, outside of the few belonging to the A. A. U., to an accounting, but in the East most of the offending clubs belong to that organization and yet sin unpunished, although the A. A. U. makes a great pretence of looking for transgressors.

If the Amateur Athletic Union is really seeking to correct evils in so-called amateur baseball, I call its official attention to the Oritani or Hackensack Field Club nine, and the nine of the Orange Athletic Club, both within a half-hour ride from A.A.U. headquarters. If it is searching in its inquiry, it will discover neither of these teams to be amateur except in name. Englewood formerly also supported a hireling nine, but the club found it too great a drain on the treasury, and poverty, not principle, reclaimed it for the amateur ranks. The Oritani Club is struggling along with its heavy load, and I predict will also end in financial straits. It is fortunate that something checks the professional course of these clubs.

Meanwhile the officers of the Amateur Athletic Union view affairs with complacency—and make rules!

Sportsmen are still waiting to hear how the A.A.U. has conducted itself toward the New England Association and the Detroit A.C., that defied it and the ethics of amateur sport for which it stands sponsor.

THE COLLEGE BASEBALL SEASON of the middle West closed with the relative standings of the teams more positively determined than in any previous year. Chicago, by winning three of the five games with Michigan, by defeating Illinois twice, Wisconsin once, and by the general form displayed after the first few weeks of the season, is undeniably first. Michigan is second, having defeated Illinois, Oberlin, and Wisconsin twice each, and, except the Chicago series, won nearly every other game played.

Bulletin-Board.

AFTER THE LEANDER-YALE RACE—OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: LEANDER WINNER BY ONE AND A QUARTER LENGTHS.

Illinois, by defeating Wisconsin twice, and winning a large number of games from the minor colleges of Indiana and Illinois, gains the third place without dispute. Wisconsin is fourth, having played a fair game throughout the season, but being rather outclassed by the leaders. Whatever claim Beloit might have for consideration is forfeited by her refusal to play off her home grounds, and by having played her coach throughout the year. Three of Michigan's best players, but of most pronounced professional tendencies, were lost to the nine by the worthy action of the Faculty just before the final game, and it is doubtful if Chicago would otherwise have won the deciding game. The men disbarred were Holmes, the captain and catcher; Lowney, short stop; and Bloomingston, second base; and though nothing so wholesome could have happened, yet it was impossible to fill their places. The players that replaced these disqualified ones were largely responsible for Michigan's errors and for several of Chicago's runs.

Up to that final game Michigan, as a team, was superior to Chicago in batting, though she had no individual the equal of Nichols with the stick. Chicago had four very good batters, and with but one or two exceptions the Michigan men were all strong. In base-running, too, Michigan was the better, while her out-field, Hollister, Shields, and McKinney, was also stronger. In the infield, Abells, Chicago, is probably the best first-base man in the West, though Cooper of Illinois is not far behind. Adkinson, Chicago, is the best of the second-base men, though there have been few good men in either this position or that of short stop.

There is not much to choose between Sweet of Chicago and Haskell of Illinois, but the latter's batting is stronger, and both are erratic fielders. At third, Winston of Chicago, Shuler of Illinois, and Deans of Michigan have done the best work, but the first is the most desirable on account of his batting.

Chicago has in Jones behind the bat the best man in the West; a good back stop, fair thrower, and a very hard hitter. Torrison of Wisconsin would be a close second, being but little inferior as a batter, his equal in back-stop work, and a trifle his superior in throwing. Both are poor base-runners, but Jones is the better of the two.

In the box all the Western teams have been quite strong this year—Michigan, with Watkins and Miller; Chicago, with Nichols, Clark, and Brown; Illinois, with Kingman and Blakeslee; and Wisconsin, with Runkel and Hayden. On general form Chicago is strongest, though Watkins, when at his best, is superior to Nichols, Chicago's most effective pitcher, and Runkel, with support such as these men received, would have been about as good as any of them. Watkins is a good hitter—as is also Runkel. I should make the following choice for an all-Western college nine:

Jones, Chicago, catcher; Watkins, Michigan, pitcher; Abells, Chicago, 1st b.; Adkinson, Chicago, 2d b.; Winston, Chicago, 3d b.; Haskell, Illinois, s. s.; Nichols, Chicago, l. f.; Shields, Chicago, c. f.; Hollister, Michigan, r. f. Substitutes: Runkel, Wisconsin, p.; Torrison, Wisconsin, c.; Cooper, Illinois, in-field; Frees, Illinois, out-field.

I have ignored several men because of their professionalism, who otherwise would be worthy of consideration, and there are men on this selected team that, on account of their ethics, or want of them, would not be eligible to the All-America amateur nine. Indeed, there is so much summer-nine-resort ball-playing, and such juggling with ethics, that I could not pretend to answer for the amateur status of half these men.

This team would be weak at second and at short. In all other points it would be strong. If Watkins was not in form he could change with Nichols, as both are good out-fielders, and, like several others on the team, would be kept for their batting. It would be possible to pick a somewhat faster fielding team from the candidates, but not a stronger one in batting and general all-round play.

To sum up, Michigan lost the championship by the loss of her men, who, however, deserved disqualification long ago, as do a few more of her team, if the Faculty desires public confidence in its sympathy with the ethics of amateur sport. Chicago is fairly the best team in the West. The men were steady in the field, knew the game thoroughly, and in batting had no superiors as the teams stood at the close of the season.

Withal, they played clean, hard ball, and showed none of the "muckerish" tendencies so completely out of place in college baseball.

Steady, properly describes the game put up by Illinois. With material which was not brilliant, she developed strong team-work and hard, snappy play, and is fairly entitled to third, leaving Wisconsin fourth, suffering from a dearth of experienced material, from a want of good stick-work, and lack of coaching.

Illinois and Wisconsin are particularly deserving of praise, because their teams were the only ones of these Western colleges that did not play men who would be ineligible to Eastern university nines.

Illinois's team, moreover, is composed largely of undergraduates, and may fairly be recorded as the first amateur college nine of the middle West for 1896, Wisconsin being second.

Before closing comment on the Western baseball season, it is only fair to publish the following explanatory letter recently received concerning Arthur Sickels's connection with Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, during the early part of the season:

"My son's, Arthur Sickels, position regarding the Northwestern University ball team has been misrepresented. It has been implied that he was renounced after efforts on his part to secure a position on the team. Members of the Athletic Association came to him time and again, offering all kinds of inducements for him to play, all of which he declined, because of the rules against it, until it was represented to him it would be *all right* and quiet. So, at their suggestion, he joined the school or class of oratory under Professor Kownoch; the circumstances in the case being well known to him and others in authority. My son has not attended school for over a year, being engaged in a large commercial house in the city.

Truly yours, W. A. Sickels."

Turning to the New England triangular league—Williams, Dartmouth, and Amherst—the teams in which have been throughout reasonably well matched, and have in each instance, as well, made creditable records outside of the championship series. Thus Dartmouth won from Harvard (7–6, 13–4). Amherst took one game from Harvard (9–5), and Williams both lost and won with Harvard (9–10–2–1). There was, however, nothing so unusual in the championships series as such special scores might indicate. The grade of ball-playing certainly was not to be compared with that seen in earlier years among the three teams, but the loss by Williams of the first Amherst game (2–3), and the inability to take a straight series from Dartmouth, left the result in doubt until the games of Commencement week, when two victories (7–3, 5–3) gave the series and the championship to Williams, the Dartmouth series having been won, and the second Amherst game having been taken, 10–9. That Williams deserved her success must be conceded, while to the defeated the series should serve as additional evidence of the need of steadiness in purpose and snap in play.

Nothing more surely indicates the progress of American polo than the improved form of the second-class player. Indeed, to those familiar with the game's history on this side the Atlantic the mere possession of a second class is in itself expressive of our very great advance. A few years ago our full playing strength consisted of the first teams of a half-dozen clubs. There were no second teams, and even good substitutes for the first teams were scarce. For a time a short-sighted and selfish policy discouraged the development of the second grade. Three years ago the need of substitutes was felt; last year the previously neglected class filled several gaps in the ranks of the first division, and this year it has indubitably established its right to consideration. It is no longer a question of recognition; the query now is, whether some of the long-ignored class will not shortly replace a few in the first class.

The improvement of the second class has naturally given urgency to the efforts of the more heavily handicapped players, and all of it tended to materially raise the standard of American polo form.

Play for the Cedarhurst Challenge Cup, at Cedarhurst, emphasized the important part the second teams are filling in this year's tournaments, and incidentally provided a double surprise. The Meadow Brook first team furnished the first one by defeating Rockaway's first team; and Rockaway second afforded the other by winning the finals and the cup from Meadow Brook first. Both games were well played, and revealed better form than either showed at the same time last year, but in neither contest was the losing club represented by its full strength. When first Meadow Brook defeated first Rockaway, Keene and Stevens were not in form, and this fact was a decided handicap to the team. Meadow Brook's play was fast and brilliant, none the less. The men were well mounted, and Whitney played one of the best games he has yet shown.

When Meadow Brook met Rockaway second it had lost the services of Whitney, and the quality of its performance was palpably lowered. Rockaway, on the other hand, turned out at its best, with Myers at No. 1, Albert Francke No. 2, Conover No. 3, and Ricardo Francke at back. Besides which they used the ponies of the first team, and played as they never played before. Both teams, in fact, put up strong polo, and the match went to show that C. C. Baldwin, at his best, is one of the most formidable No. 2's in the country. The Meadow Brook team comprised W. C. Eustis, No. 1; Baldwin, No. 2; Stowe, No. 3; and Nicoll at back. If Meadow Brook can hold this team together, replace Stowe with Whitney, and get plenty of practice, it is sure to make a good showing in the championships. Nicoll, a couple of years ago, was one of the strongest players on the field, Eustis is fast and knows his position, and Baldwin and Whitney in their respective positions are very close to the best.

The tournament at Dedham once again illustrated the progress of the second-grade player. Dedham's first team, which has hitherto been of the second class in point of playing form for the Dedham Polo Cups, defeated Myopia first, and the present holder of the championship; while Myopia second, with but three men against opponents' four, won the individual cups for teams with handicap not exceeding 15 goals. The Dedham first team comprised Allan Forbes, No. 1; Weld, No. 2; Foster, No. 3; and Warren at back. Myopia first played its regular team—Gardner, No. 1; Shaw, No. 2; Fay, No. 3; and Agassiz, back. Dedham was allowed 10 goals, and earned 4, while Myopia earned 10, the final score, deducting penalties, being 13½ to 9½, in favor of Dedham. The game showed a tremendous improvement in Dedham's play, but Myopia, although putting up fast and skilful polo, was not up to its form of last year. Play this week is at Myopia, where the champions will have an opportunity of getting the tournament practice of which they appear to stand in need.

The most absorbing topic in polo circles just now is the prospect of a match with England next year at Hurlingham. For several years attempts have been made by individual polo enthusiasts on both sides the Atlantic to bring teams together that would be representative of the highest skill of the two countries, and for the first time official recognition seems to have rewarded their efforts, both here and on the other side. The two polo associations are at the present moment corresponding, with a view to determining the conditions under which the English team won our cup in '86, and for which our team would challenge and play next year. That cup was subscribed for by the members of the Westchester Polo Club and residents of Newport, and offered as a challenge trophy between England and the United States. There appear to have been no written conditions accompanying the cup, but it was played for and won under the American rules, which prohibit hooking mallets and off-side play, in contradistinction to the English rules, which permit both, and in all sporting history the conditions under which such a cup is won must be respected and continued, except by the mutual consent of the interested parties. In other words, as England won the cup under conditions that forbid hooking mallets and off-side, they must defend it against us under similar conditions. This is what the two associations are now discussing, and the chances are good that it will be settled satisfactorily to each.

It is now ten years since John Watson, R. Lawley, T. Hone, and Malcolm Little came to Newport and beat our four—Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., Foxhall Keene, Raymond Belmont (deceased), and W. K. Thorn—10 goals to 4 in two out of three games. But we have learned a lot of polo since '86. Our game may, indeed, be said to have acquired from that year the impetus which has carried it beyond all semblance to its earlier form. Individually we were as good as the Englishmen in that first international struggle. We hit the ball as strong, rode with more dash and harder. But the perfect team-play and the powerful well-directed backhand strokes of the Englishmen were too much for our men. In fact, it was the backhand stroke that beat us. We had no team-play in '86, and knew nothing of the backhand stroke. Ours was the individual round game—every man for himself. When a man got the ball he tried to carry it down the field, and resisted with equal vigor an attempt to take it from him, whichever side furnished the aggressor.

All that is now changed. In the past four years, particularly, our team-play has been perfected to a degree seemingly impossible of betterment. Our best players are as skilled in backhand as in forehand, and a few—notably Keene, Cowdin, and Agassiz—shine pre-eminently in that essential to modern polo prowess.

Meanwhile, too, our ponies have been improved vastly, though it is a question if the Englishmen, who scour all Europe and pay fabulous sums for undersized thoroughbreds, have not kept ahead of us in quality of mounts. Granting that, our quality is little inferior, and we can make quantity supply the deficiency. Our game is notably fast, and our ponies are probably quicker to start and turn than the English. However, that can only be decided by actual contest. We have certainly brought our polo to a very high state of perfection, and the Englishmen have not improved very much on their form in the last five years. There would be much reason for having confidence in the success of our team in '97, but it is not wise to be too sanguine. The Englishman has taught us a lesson in sprint-rowing this year; possibly he might give us another in polo; and he is always hard to beat at any game. In any event, we should make the struggle a much closer one than it was at Newport.

The choice of an American team would be simple for three positions, for Cowdin, Keene, and Agassiz are without rivals as Nos. 2, 3, and 4 (back) respectively. No. 1 would have three strong candidates in Shaw, Gardner, and Stevens. C. C. Baldwin should unquestionably be taken as substitute, as none is so qualified to fill on occasion either No. 2 or 3. Next to Agassiz, Nicoll and G. P. Eustis are our best backs.

If a team from the United States does go abroad, the tournament at Hurlingham next June will take on a truly international character, as, besides the English and American fours, there will be one from South America, and one possibly from France. In the mean time the Ranelagh Club of London—which has beautiful grounds, with a sport-giving golf links, a fine polo field and race-course—is putting up stables to accommodate the ponies of the visiting players.

The pronounced success of the Larchmont Yacht Club's "race week" shows what can be accomplished by the united efforts of indefatigable Regatta and House committees and sportsmanly yacht-owners. It was the first attempt of an American club to hold seven consecutive days of racing, but it is certainly not to be the last. The Larchmont Club gave this regatta week in place of its usual cruise to the eastward, and, safe to say, no cruise ever crowded so much genuine sport into one week. When there was no racing on the Sound there was entertainment on shore, enjoyable, and, what with sports of various kinds by day and illuminations and concerts and fireworks by night, wellnigh continuous.

Throughout the entire week the boats of the club's racing and cruising yachtsmen were kept anchored off the handsome club-house—a feat in itself worthy of note—and it will be surprising if another year other yacht clubs do not also abandon their cruising fixtures and follow the Larchmont's example.

There is much to be gained and little to be lost by such a departure, for really the New York Yacht Club's cruise is the only one of the year that is either successful or especially interesting, and as its fleet invariably includes the pick of all clubs, the cruising sailor-man need have no apprehension for the particular and practical branch of yachting to which he is committed. Indeed it seems as though yachting generally would be much benefited by such a procedure. The number of entries would be increased, and interest concentrated and keener because of it.

From a racing point of view the preponderance of interest at Larchmont last week centred, of course, upon *Colonia* and *Emerald*, and the former fairly confirmed the impression made on her maiden trial in the N.Y.Y.C.'s regatta earlier in the season. Three times the two met, and as often was *Colonia* victorious; once by 1 min. 45 sec. corrected time (she allows *Emerald* about 1¾ min.), again by about 5 minutes, and a third time by 14 min. 53 sec. Besides which *Colonia* established a new record of 3 h. 2 min. and 59 sec. for the club's thirty-mile course, and altogether proved herself the faster in a whole-sail breeze and a seaway. In light airs and fluky weather she appears not so formidable, and was beaten by *Amorita* under such conditions. *Amorita* gave an excellent accounting of herself throughout the week, beating the fleet on time allowance on the first day, and losing second place by a very small margin on the day following. *Elsiemarie* was out only twice, but succeeded on one of those occasions in beating on time allowance *Romona*, which sailed consistently all the week.

Of the 15-footers, *Paprika* put four firsts to her credit; *Ideal*, a first and a second. The 21-foot class brought some old acquaintances to view, *Vaquero* winning once, and *Celia* and *Houri* twice each. In the new class of 30-footers, *Departure*, *Argonaut*, and *Musme* each won once, and *Mai* twice. Next to the racing between *Colonia* and *Emerald*, the most interesting feature of the very interesting week was the clever handling of the small classes.

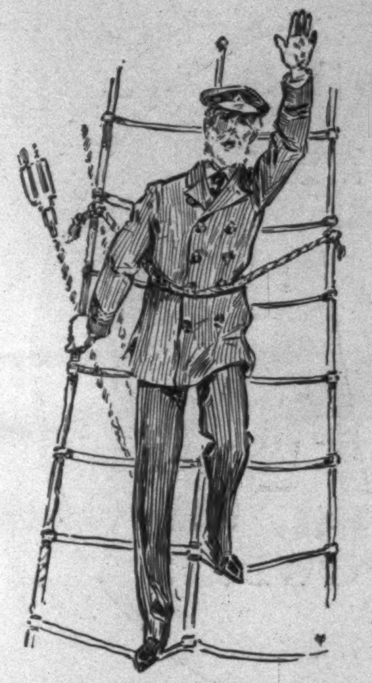
Sportsmen will rejoice to hear that the Golf Association is shortly to revise its present inadequate definition touching amateurs.

The championship tournament doubtless administered convincing lessons.

The spectacle of an "amateur" diligently pursuing indoors his vocation of club-selling without prejudice to his avocation of golfing out-of-doors must have jarred the ethical nerves of the Executive Committee as rudely as it did those of all sportsmen who beheld so unique an exploitation of the honorable Secretary's composite amateur.

Caspar Whitney.

"THE OUANANICHE AND ITS CANADIAN ENVIRONMENT."—By E. T. D. Chambers.—Illustrated.—Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 00.



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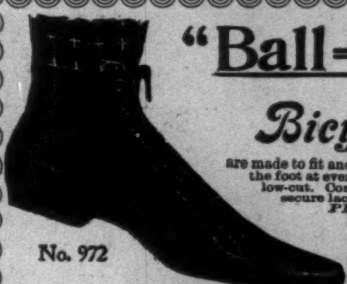

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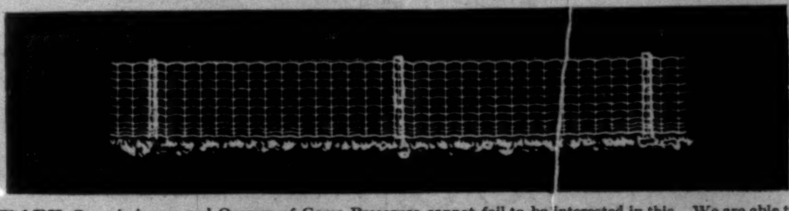

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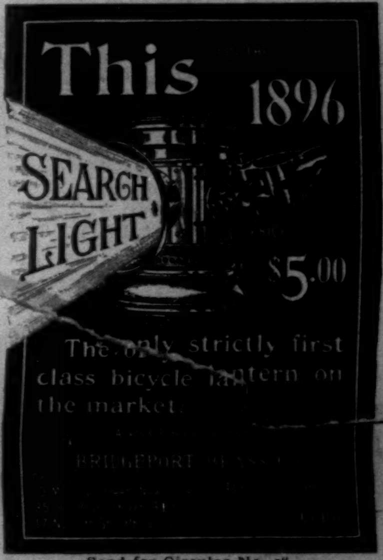

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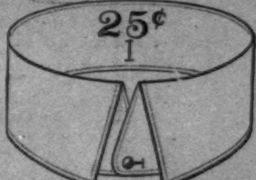

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